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SCREENLAND



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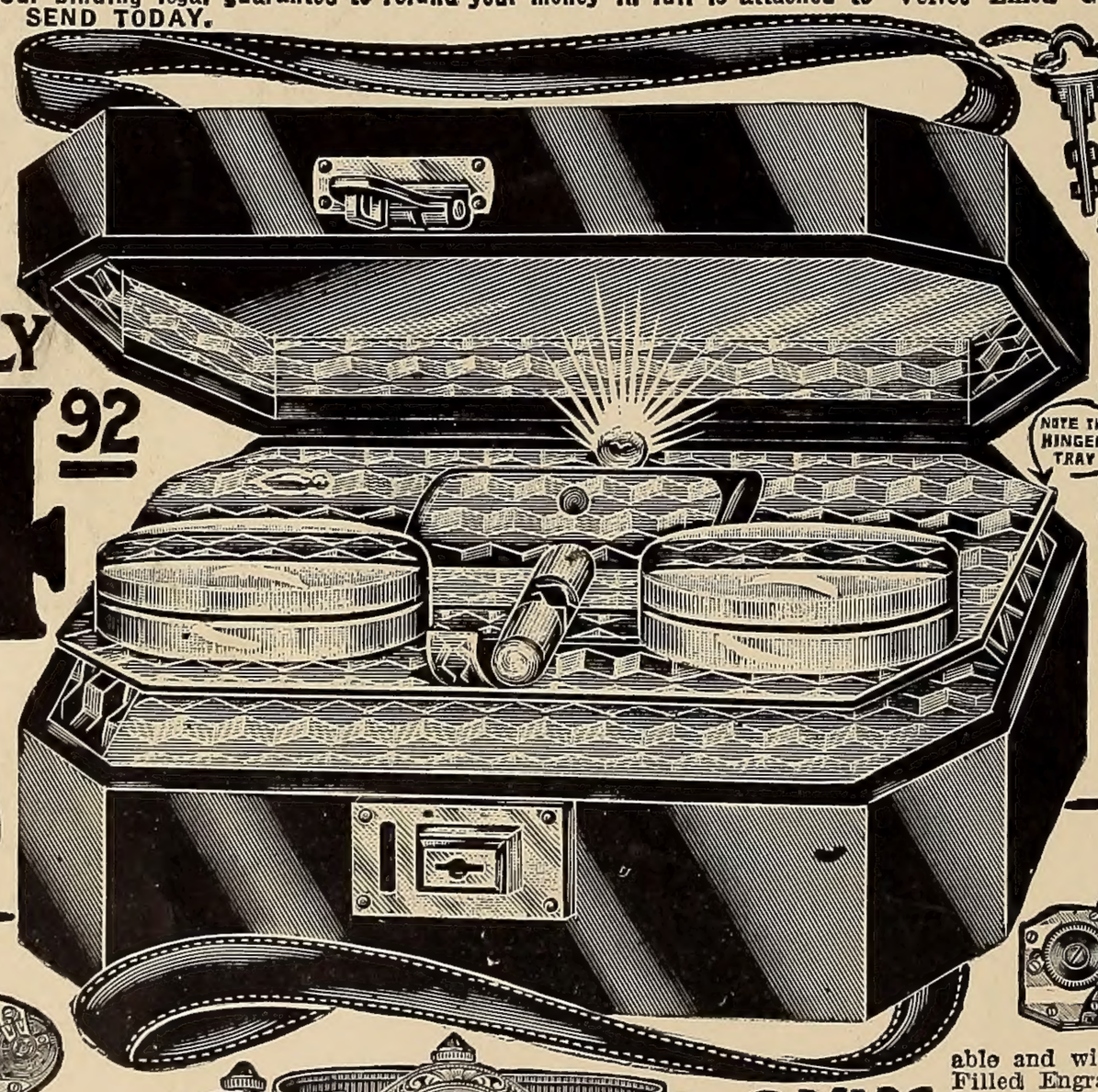
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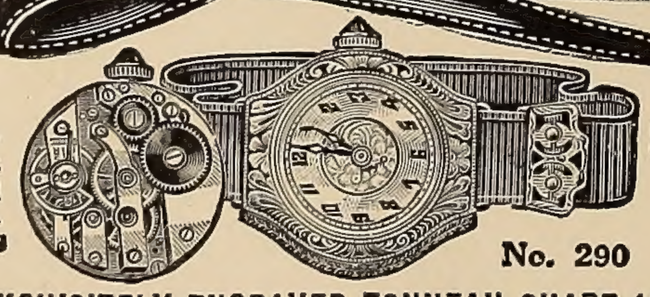
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"Being a good dancer has made me popular and sought after. I am invited everywhere. No more dull evenings—no bitter disappointments! My whole life is brighter and happier. And I owe it all to Arthur Murray!

"I was astonished to see how quickly one learns all the latest steps through diagrams and simple instructions. I mastered your course in a few evenings and, believe me, I surely did give the folks around here a big surprise when I got on the floor with the best dancer and went through the dance letter perfect. Now that I have the Murray foundation to my dancing I can lead and follow perfectly, and can master any new dance after I have seen a few of the steps.



Posed by Hope Hampton, Movie Star, and Arthur Murray.

"My sister's family have all learned to dance from the course I bought from you, and it would do your heart good to see how fine her little kiddies dance together after quickly learning from your new method of teaching dancing at home without music or partner."

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In the short time that I have had to study over the lessons and the very little practicing that I have been able to do, I cannot tell you how pleased I am with the lessons. I had always been in the background when attending dances, as all the better dancers were chosen, and I really envied my friends on the dance floor.—**Miss Bertha Shiple, Perrysburg, Ohio.**

He Had Never Danced Before

I received the instruction book on dancing and I must say that it is more than I expected. Last Saturday I went to a dance and as it was my first occasion I sure was surprised to find your lessons so easy and yet so interesting, that I sure will tell others about your wonderful system.—**Clarence V. Mortensen, Earle, Wisc.**

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I had wonderful success with your other dances and have been complimented on my dancing since taking your lessons. I also had a surprise for my friends when I informed them that I learned from your wonderful method of teaching by mail.—**Walter Rich, Chester, Mass.**

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I received your course in dancing a few days ago and have been to a couple of dances already. I was much pleased with your instructions I have a friend who took personal lessons and I am just as good a dancer now as he is.—**Arthur Hossack, Flint, Mich.**

IKP 7/VII/36

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SCREENLAND

The Independent Screen Magazine

APRIL, 1924 VOL. IX, NO. 1

Myron Zobel, *President* Frederick James Smith, *Editor*

¶ Prominent Features in this Issue

¶ UPTON SINCLAIR *says sweet sentimentality hides Deliberate Class Lying and protects Organized Greed in* BIG BUSINESS AND ITS MOVIES . . . . . *page* 23

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¶ BARRY VANNON, *in a fiction article, redolent of Hollywood, tells how retribution came to the worst villian on the screen in* THE PERFECT TYPE . . . . . *page* 60

¶ GEORGE JEAN NATHAN *pries the cover off the Stage and exposes its strings and pulleys in* DRAMALAND . . . . . *page* 64

¶ DELIGHT EVANS *cannot tell whether DeMille is Subtle or Shrewd, a sublimated fakir or a regular guy, so the article is called* THE MOVIES' MAN OF MYSTERY *page* 70

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In a featured article entitled

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On the newsstands April first

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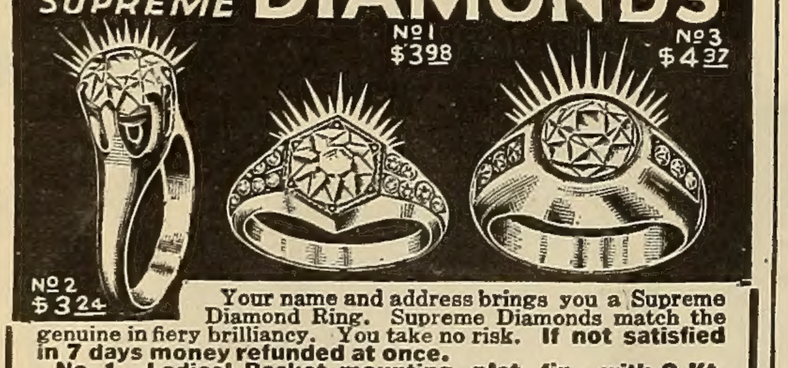
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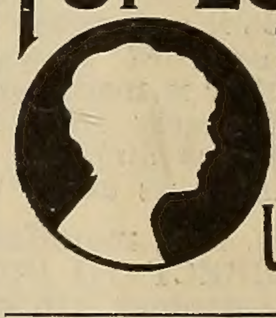
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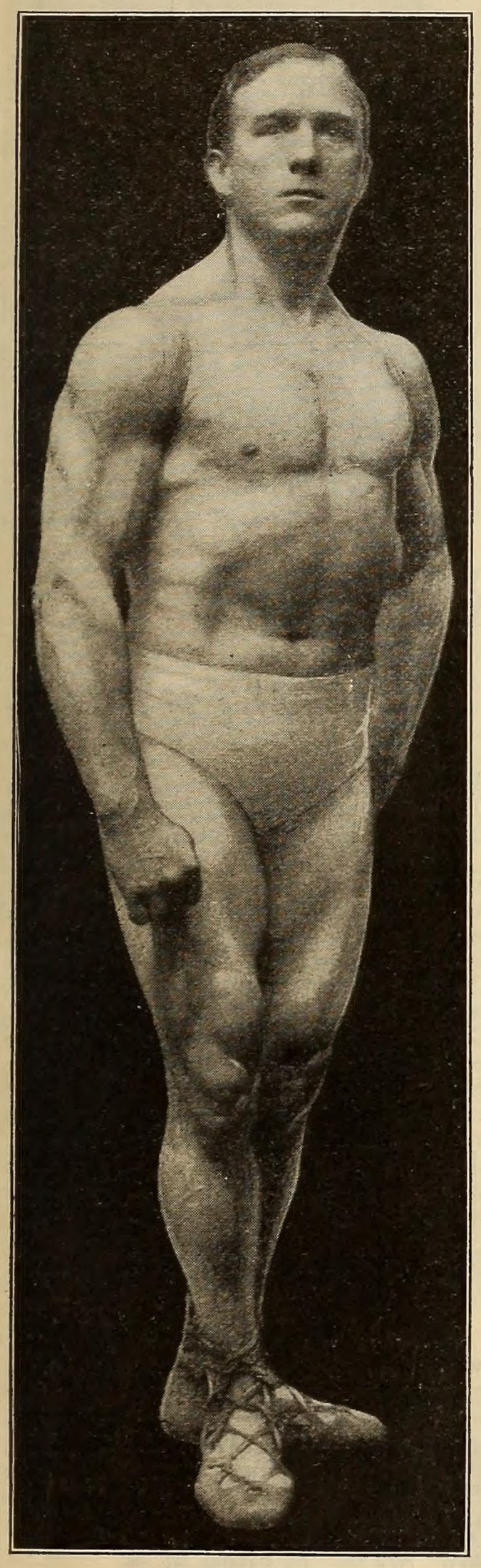
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WHAT EVERY SCREEN STAR KNOWS



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BE CANDID WITH YOURSELF. You couldn't stand the gaff. Even in your own mild and tame existence you often find the pace too fast. Your heart jumps, your muscles grunt and your lungs wheeze at the slightest hint of manly exertion. You'd die a hundred deaths in a hundred yards of moderately fast running. You may be revered for your nobility of soul, but no woman in the world could call you "my hero" and keep her face straight.

Your complexion is muddy, your blood is sluggish and your bowels are torpid half the time. You'd hate to hear the truth about yourself from any honest doctor . . . now, wouldn't you, friend?

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..Hay Fever	..Bad Blood	..Nervousness	..Stomach Disorders
..Asthma	..Weak Eyes	..Poor Memory	..Pimples
..Obesity	..Anemia	..Rheumatism	..Blackheads
..Headache	..Debility	..Gastritis	..Round Shoulders
..Thinness	..Fear	..Heart Weakness	..Lung Troubles
..Rupture	..Neurasthenia	..Poor Circulation	..Weak Back
..Lumbago	..Short Wind	..Increased Height	..Drug Addiction
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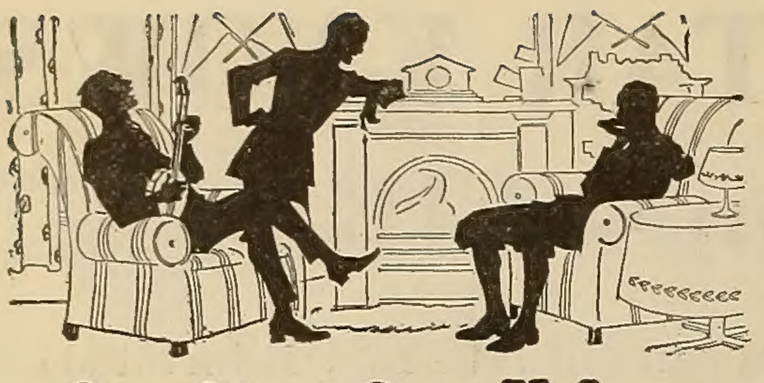
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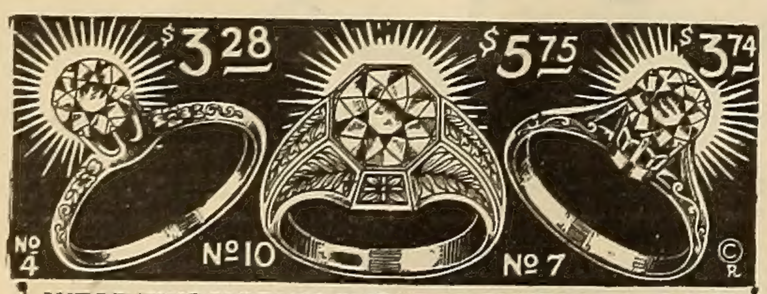
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LIBERTY—*The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly*. Another Cohan effort to glorify our Irish-American gals.

LITTLE—*Little Jessie James*. Has a song hit and a Paul Whiteman band.

MILLER—*Merry Wives of Gotham*. Trying to live down its first name of *Fanshastics*. A good Laurence Eyre comedy with Grace George and Laura Hope Crews at their best.

MOROSCO—*The Other Rose*, with Fay Bainter. A Belasco production with some little charm.

MUSIC BOX—*Third annual revue*. One of the big musical hits. What more can be said?

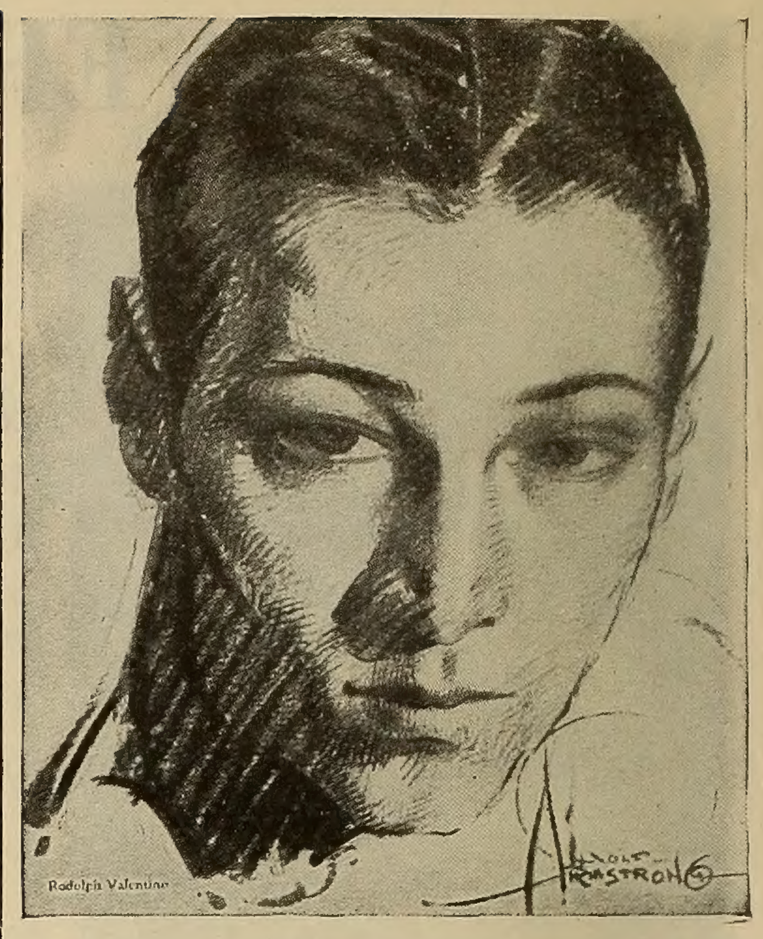
NATIONAL—*Cyrano de Bergerac*, with Walter Hampden. Rostand's heroic comedy is credited with marking the high point of Hampden's career.

NEW AMSTERDAM—*Ziegfeld Follies*. Smashing along as usual. Ann Pennington's knees would alone drag us to the New Amsterdam.

PLYMOUTH—*The Potters*. Every day American life as revealed in J. P. McEvoy's widely syndicated newspaper stories. Yes, a real hit.

REPUBLIC—*Abie's Irish Rose*. Wearing out the theater and the nerves of the critics who panned it.

RITZ—*Outward Bound*. Sutton Vane's remarkable drama is the surprise of the footlight year. See it for yourself.



Rudolph Valentino

A limited quantity of art studies in full color of the above cover by Rolf Armstrong have been printed for private distribution. They are reproduced upon heavy pebbled paper, suitable for framing, or as a gift.

Mr. Armstrong is famous as a painter of beautiful women, but in producing his much talked-of series of star covers for SCREENLAND, he has outstripped all his previous efforts.

Connoisseurs of art and admirers of the screen's celebrities will cherish this series. It is for their benefit that this limited edition of five hundred special prints is being run off each month as the covers appear on the magazine. All lettering has been eliminated and the cover alone stands forth in all its brilliant coloring. It is a piece of art worth keeping and framing.

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FACEAID STUDIOS

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SELWYN—*Mr. Battling Buttler.* A musical show that is doing nicely at the boxoffice.

SHUBERT—*Artists and Models.* The Shubert undress revue is more dressed up now, thanks to the censors.

THIRTY-NINTH—*Mister Pitt.* A new American play by Zona Gale with considerable appeal.

TIMES SQUARE—*Andre Charlot's Revue.* A London revue of genuine merit, with the best comedienne we ever saw. The lady is Beatrice Lillie. You MUST see this.

WINTER GARDEN—*Topics of 1923,* with Delysia. Passable Winter Garden stuff.

The Editor's Letter Box

SCREENLAND wants its readers to write about motion pictures—and the best contributed letters will be published in this department. All accepted letters will be paid for at regular contributors' rates, and when possible, a portrait of the writer will be published. SCREENLAND has created this department in order to be in immediate touch with its readers; It wants your opinion—and it will pay you for it. Address all letters to THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX, SCREENLAND, 145 West 57th Street, New York City.

Send your portrait with your letter. It is impossible to return manuscripts or pictures

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.



Leo J. Volpe

When Rudolph Valentino broke his contract with Famous Players it was the meanest thing that Mr. Valentino could have done, in my estimation. True, his salary compared with his popularity and the salaries of less important screen folk was out of proportion. But did not the fans give him his popularity, did he realize that he would become so popular when he signed his contract with Famous Players? True, he was mis-cast on two occasions and true is the fact that he was a "golden stream" to Paramount.

However, he should not have been so hasty; he should have put up with the salary under his agreement (was it not much greater than he was receiving the former year), and continue until his contract expired. In all probability he would have received an increase and most important of all he would have continued to please the fans with his performances.

Should Valentino return to the screen and receive a luke-warm reception, we might say that it was duly earned.

But for his casual invasion of Motion Pictures, where would Valentino be

NERVE EXHAUSTION

How Nerve Abuse Wrecks Health

by PAUL von BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology and Nerve Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. No word is horrible enough to express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion is brought about through nerve strain. There is no other cause. Men strain their nerves through mental concentration and business worries; often, too, through excesses and vices. Women strain their nerves mainly through their emotions, especially those involved in their domestic affairs. Indeed, we are in the midst of nerve strain everywhere due to the mile-a-minute life we are leading. And no man or woman is so strong as to be immune to this strain.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly, yet its symptoms are unmistakable. It does not manifest itself, as many think, in twitching muscles and trembling hands. The majority of sufferers from nerves seem strong and healthy, and may have not a tremor in their body, yet *inwardly* their nerves are in a turmoil and are undermining the entire bodily organism.

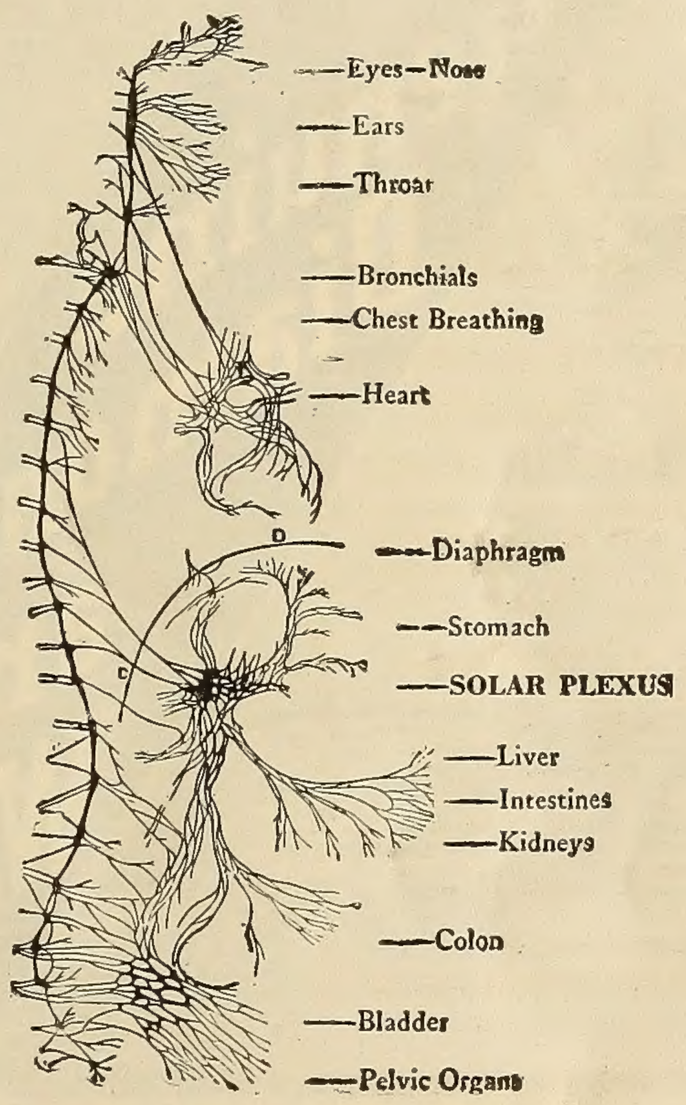
The symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows: **First Stage:** Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling." **Second Stage:** Nervousness; restlessness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis, rheumatism, and other pains. **Third Stage:** Serious mental disturbance; fear, undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies; and in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental turmoil, you may be sure that your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you, that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food, and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down," and need a rest. Your doctor may prescribe a drug—a nerve stimulant or sedative. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.

And don't be deceived into believing that some magic system of physical exercise can restore the nerves. It may develop your muscle but it does so at the expense of the nerves, as thousands of athletes have learned through bitter experience.

The cure of weak and deranged nerves must have for its basis an understanding of how the nerves are affected by various abuses and strains. It demands an understanding of certain simple laws in mental and physical hygiene, mental control, relaxation, and how to develop immunity to the many strains of everyday life. Through the application of this knowledge, the most advanced case of Nerve Exhaustion can be corrected.



The Sympathetic Nervous System

Showing how Every Vital Organ is governed by the Nervous System, and how the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the Abdominal brain, is the Great Central Station for the distribution of Nerve Force.

I have made a life study of the mental and physical characteristics of nervous people, having treated more cases of "Nerves" during the past 25 years than any other man in the world (over 100,000 cases).

The result of this vast experience is embodied in a 64-page book, entitled "Nerve Force," a book that is essentially intended to teach how to care for the nerves and how to apply simple methods for their restoration. It includes important information on the application of deep breathing as a remedial agent. The cost of the book is only 25 cents, coin or stamps. Address me—Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 634, 110 West 40th St., New York City.

This book will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you, and the advice will be of incalculable value, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes like worth living, for to be dull-nerved means to be dull-brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition, and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves.

"Nerve Force" is not an advertisement of any treatment I may have to offer. This is proved by the fact that large corporations have bought and are buying this book from me by the hundreds and thousands for circulation among their employees—Efficiency. Physicians recommend the book to their patients—Health. Ministers recommend it from the pulpit—Nerve Control, Happiness. Never before has so great a mass of valuable information been presented in so few words. It will enable you to understand your Nerves, your Mind, your Emotions, and your Body. Over a million copies have been sold during the past fifteen years.



today? Would there have been a Rudolph Valentino Blues; would they be dancing the tango, and last but not least would there be the present Natacha Rambova Valentino? I think these reasonable questions for Mr. Valentino to consider.

L. J. VOLPE,
1316 N. 18th Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.



Martha Van Kirk

I write to defend SCREENLAND. Nothing has appeared in this magazine to hurt the feelings of anyone.

I have been a staunch reader of SCREENLAND for about a year. It is a splendid magazine—anyone could enjoy himself by reading it.

I sincerely hope that SCREENLAND will not be censored. Many readers, I hope, will agree with me.

Beautiful covers and splendid work by many. I say, "Long may SCREENLAND wave!"

My attention has been drawn by SCREENLAND'S *Fights for Freedom,* in the January number. I, being interested, started to read the article, and was astounded by some facts which were not true.

In SCREENLAND I enjoy John Held, Jr.'s work. I also like the true life stories.

Why don't people like Rudolph Valentino? Maybe some are jealous on account of his nationality and his success in this country.

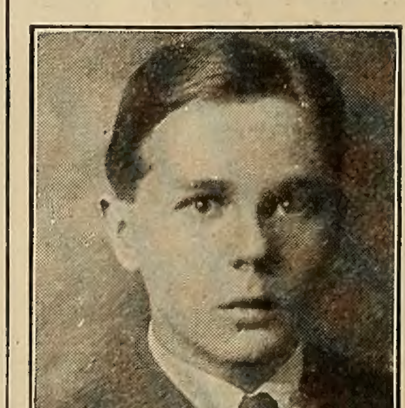
I never will condemn Pola Negri because she is an artiste. Wonderful and beautiful woman! I enjoyed Pola's latest picture, *The Spanish Dancer.*

Well, may SCREENLAND live forever!

Thank you!

MISS MARTHA VAN KIRK,
505 Euclid Ave.,
Dravosburg, Pa.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.

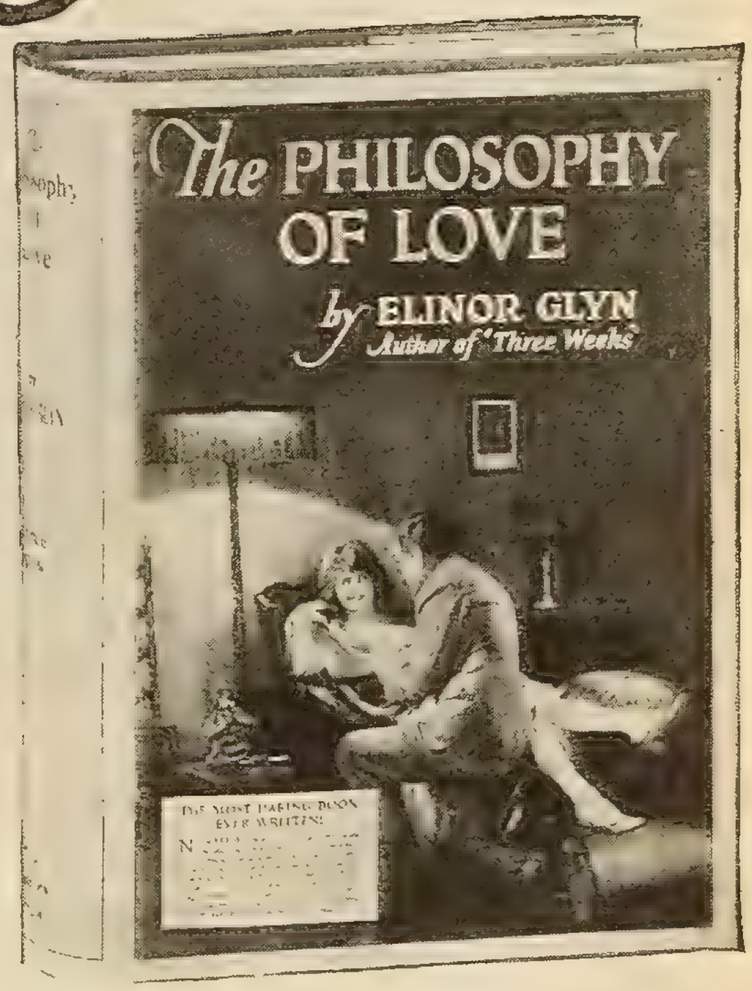


Wm. S. Myron

Cecil B. DeMille has come out of the mire. After making a number of melodramatic society pictures, he has at last given the world a great masterpiece, a gorgeously painted picture, creating an uproar which will take

The Most Daring Book Ever Written!

Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this daring book at our risk—without advancing a penny.



WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?



ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

- —how to win the man you love.
- —how to win the girl you want.
- —how to hold your husband's love.
- —how to make people admire you.
- —why "petting parties" destroy the capacity for true love.
- —why many marriages end in despair.
- —how to hold a woman's affection.
- —how to keep a husband home nights.
- —things that turn men against you.
- —how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- —the "danger year" of married life.
- —how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming—how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- —how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- —how to attract people you like.
- —why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- —are there any real grounds for divorce?
- —how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
- —how to tell if someone really loves you.
- —things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you *MUST NOT DO* unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

"The Philosophy of Love" is one of the most daring books ever written. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be *compelled* to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the most dangerous sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain shallow-minded persons may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

SEND NO MONEY

YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

WARNING!

The publishers do not care to send "The Philosophy of Love" to anyone under eighteen years of age. So, unless you are over eighteen, please do not fill out the coupon below.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

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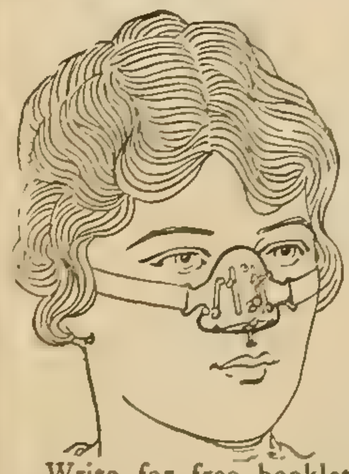
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years to subside. *The Ten Commandments* is real, vivid and tensely dramatic. The first part shows De Mille to be a genius, the second part proves him to be among the greatest of his kind.

Just as a director can eventually show his worth, so can an actor or actress. Anna Q. Nilsson has proved herself a great actress and I feel proud in asserting that all her directors say that she has never fallen down on her job. Fandom knows this. I hope SCREENLAND will some day contain an interview with her. She has been offered stardom but has wisely refused.

I hope 1924 will bring into the limelight Lloyd Hughes, Ann Forrest, Mary Philbin, Walter McGrail, Raymond Griffith and Corinne Griffith. They are all great—very much so.

I think the screen is still in its infancy and years from now will reach perfection. Let's all join in and boost the pictures, the actors, the actresses and the directors, but most of all let's boost SCREENLAND, a masterpiece in itself.

Good luck!

WILLIAM S. MYRON,
306 West 51st St.,
New York City.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.



Matilda Bennett

Although a constant reader of your magazine for a long time, I have never attempted to write to you. SCREENLAND to me always has been and is the finest magazine in the market. A real fearless magazine.

I want to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine's review of the new pictures. It is at all times instructive and unprejudiced. I have yet to be disappointed in a picture that was recommended by your magazine.

Your interviewers also pursue exactly the right policy in telling the truth about actors and actresses. I am in thorough accord with everything that is published in your magazine—news, gossip, interviews and everything. I have my dislikes, but I try to keep them to myself, and, of course, I have my idols and favorites.

My idols are the brains and personalities behind the screen, and are: Frederick James Smith, a 100% man who dares to tell the truth about stars and pictures regardless of the consequences (please do not blue-pencil that), June Mathis, celebrated scenario writer, discoverer of Valentino, a wonderful woman, as sweet as she is



Many readers dislike tearing or marring their copies of SCREENLAND and yet they would like to frame the eight handsome rotogravure portraits that appear each month. Two unbound copies of the complete gallery in this issue—ready for framing—will be sent upon receipt of twenty-five cents in coin or stamps; or FREE with a five months' subscription to SCREENLAND for $1.00.

PRINT DEPARTMENT
SCREENLAND MAGAZINE
145 West 57th St. New York City

famous. She sent me the sweetest letter that I have received from anyone. God bless her! Rex Ingram, the master director of the screen, Mickey Neilan, another wonderful director. My favorites are, first and foremost, Rudy Valentino, the inimitable. I saw him in person and I do think he has the most charming personality I have encountered. As I write I can feel my heart leaping with joy at the thought that he is soon to come back to the screen. He has too, the most marvelously beautiful woman for a wife! Pola Negri, an actress who is not afraid to act. And she surely is beautiful. Barbara La Marr and Nita Naldi for their exotic beauty and personality. Gloria Swanson for her real good acting in *Zaza,* her first chance. Florence Vidor and Claire Windsor, the screen's most beautiful women. Richard Barthelmess, who stands for all that is good and clean in pictures. A real honest to goodness actor. Never once have I been disappointed in him. That is all for this time.

And now I read in SCREENLAND where Mary Pickford is going to play Juliet to Doug's Romeo. I wish she wouldn't. Now I like Doug because he is a typical American—he is strong and energetic. Romeo must be a much younger man than Mr. Fairbanks, with all the fire and dash of youth. If anyone is going to bring *Romeo and Juliet* to the screen, let Rudy and Natcha do it. Rudy, romance incarnate—the cavalier of long ago, is the man who fills my vision of Romeo to perfection.

And now let me tell you what I think about pictures. I think they are going from bad to worse. We have some real good actors and actresses but what we need is good stories. It seems to me that no matter how bad a story is, just so it has a big name under it, it will make a lot of money. Judging from the pictures I have seen written for the screen by famous authors, the name is the thing. Why not give the amateur story writer a chance?

MATILDA BENNETT,
2222 Washington Ave.,
Dallas, Texas.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX,
SCREENLAND.



Samuel Hermann

Why don't the film companies produce some of the pictures of the kind they used to produce about seven or eight years ago? Do you remember those William Fox productions starring Theda Bara in her vampire pic-



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tures, notably *Destruction;* William Farnum in his courageous pictures, Robert Mantell and Genevieve Hamper in their stirring dramas; and the pictures that starred Valeska Surratt, Claire Whitney, George Walsh, Ann Luther and Bertha Kalich? Why don't Fox produce some more of these pictures? Do you remember further back a little, those stirring adventurous serials that were produced by Universal, notably *The Master Key, The Black Box,* and the splendid acting of Herbert Rawlinson? These are the serials that once you have seen them, you could not miss a chapter, but would go to your favorite theatre every week till the end. And how exciting the pictures of Helen Holmes were in her railroad adventures! Do you remember the old Mack Sennett comedies and the *Ham and Bud* comedies? They certainly were good. In those days a movie actor or actress was judged by his or her ability, not by his or her popularity.

Samuel Hermann,
21 Parkman St.,
Boston, Mass.

The Editor's Letter Box,
Screenland.



Fanny Cannon

I am getting all out of patience with the continual slams, purporting to be criticisms, which are flung at "patent leather" hair! What's it got to do with acting, I'd like to know?

It is, of course, just a reversal of the position taken some years ago, when Earle Williams used to get favorable comment because his "smooth, straight hair" was such a relief from the "marcel-waved matinee idols" of that day—Costello, Bushman, Kerrigan, *et al.* But, again, what has it got to do with acting?

There are critics who like to write sarcastically of John Barrymore's Greek profile, of Valentino's "varnished hair," of Dix's dimples, and so forth and so on. I have come to the conclusion that it is a sort of complex, perhaps a "suppressed desire," or envy, or something. Only, I reiterate, *it has nothing to do with acting.*

Fanny Cannon,
13 East 130th Street,
New York City.

Who is the best Author in this issue of Screenland? And why?

Send your answer to this department. The best replies will be published and paid for at our usual rates.

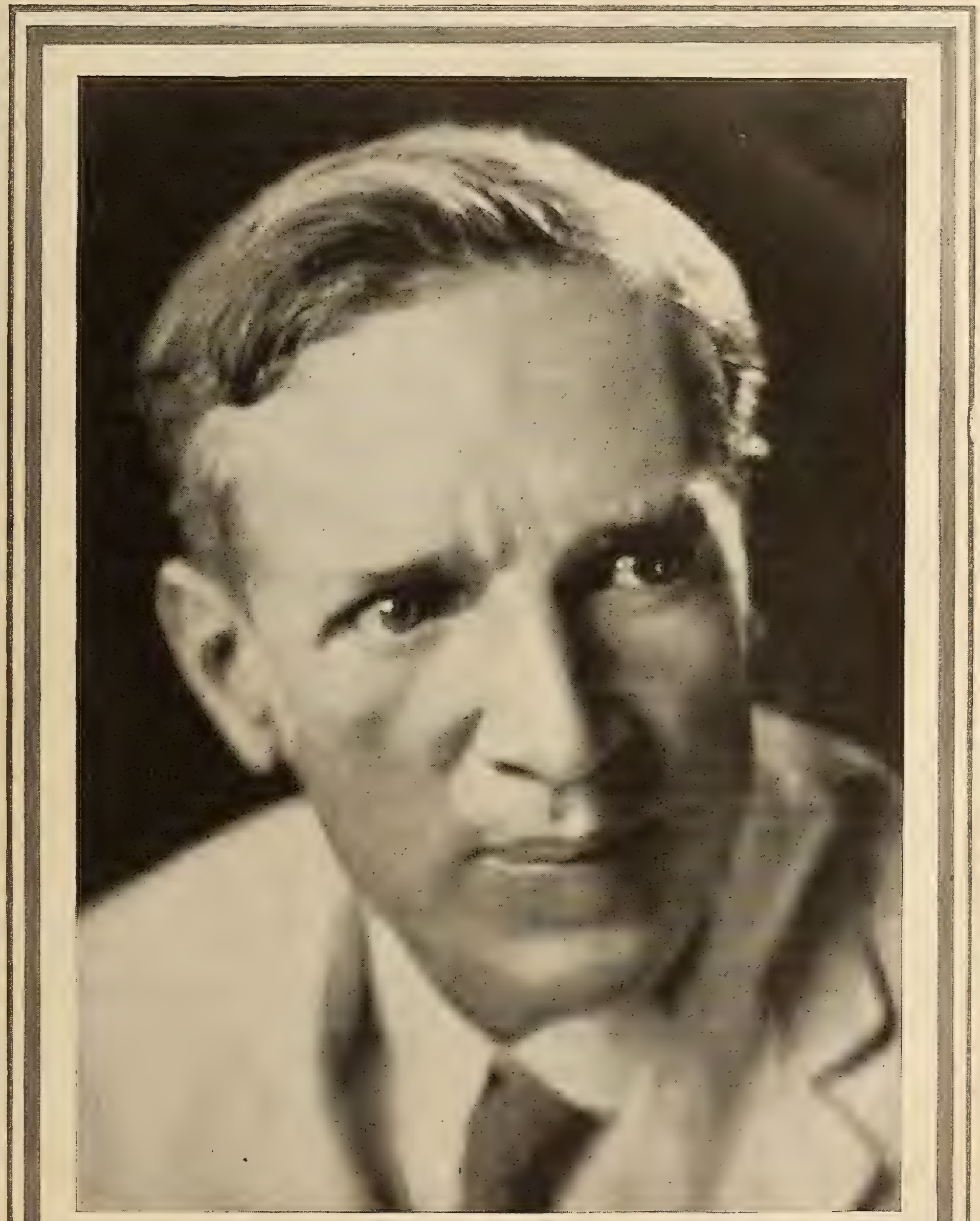


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BARDI SHIRAZ STUDIO
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¶ Upton Sinclair

makes his appearance as a SCREENLAND contributor with this issue. Mr. Sinclair has been a leading--and militant--figure in American letters since the publication of his novel, *The Jungle,* which literally shook the whole country. Mr. Sinclair will be represented in the May SCREENLAND also.

Film Plays in Colors Coming

Changing Screen Technique

THE screenplay recently has been making interesting experiments in the field of color photography. The Biblical pageant of the first half of *The Ten Commandments* was filmed in color—and much of its moving beauty comes from this very thing. Now comes the announcement that Famous Players-Lasky are filming an entire Zane Grey story of the Southwest, *Wanderers of the Wasteland*, by the same process—Technicolor photography. Several of J. Stuart Blackton's historical productions, filmed in England, were made in natural colors, or as near natural colors as our cameras can reach.

We can recall the early panic over the Edison talking pictures, in which sounds were synchronized crudely with the animated films. Experts anticipated a complete upset in the making of screen dramas—and sat back to await the crash. But the talking picture flopped and the screenplay went on its silent way.

But colors should be a natural and integral part of the screenplay. When color photography comes in general use—and come it must, since the film has gone as far as it can in blacks and whites—we shall see a complete revolution in the making of our screen dramas. A whole new technique will become necessary, ranging all the way from players' make-ups to actual photography. It is impossible to forsee just how far this color revolution will reach. But it will go far.

Closed Shop in Filmland

A STARTLING report was recently issued by the Authors' League of America, disclosing the fact that, of 42,020 stories submitted by unknown writers in a year, *only four had been accepted!* In other words, the studio door is closed—and locked—to the work of outsiders.

Of course, this constitutes a serious menace to the screenplay. If no fresh young writers are to be developed, the screen must continue to subsist upon adapted books and spoken plays. In other words, it will depend upon arts fundamentally different for its food.

Naturally, the screenplay can not progress in this fashion. Our fiction magazines would quickly stagnate if all incoming manuscripts were to be returned unread and only the products of well known writers purchased.

This, too, means that the so-called schools of photoplay writing are getting money under false pretenses. What else can you term the taking of money on the claim that a person will be trained to sell motion picture stories? We except the Palmer Institute, which, if nothing else, purchases the work of its best students and produces it.

Censorship Always Destructive

WE defy the New York Commission to show, before any sane minded jury, how its work, since its creation in August, 1921, has contributed a single constructive note to the production of screenplays. Censorship is and always will be destructive to the moral of a nation.

Let us quote Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York State. His recent statement against this evil, made in his recommendations to the legislature that censorship be shelved, follows:

"Censorship out of harmony with our institutions should not be encouraged.

"State interference with literary or artistic production beyond the prohibitions of the Criminal Law is contrary to the fundamental principles of democratic government."

Second Annual Banning of Mabel

SECOND recent Hollywood shooting, which again brought the name of Mabel Normand into the daily prints, found the dear old public in an odd mood. The so-called reform element began its usual tilt against the screen luminaries mentioned in connection with the affair but, save in a single state or two, it was unable to whip up any sort of agitation. The moral vultures found that the public didn't really give a whoop about it all.

Perhaps we are all becoming more fair minded. What right have we to judge the private lives of our celluloid favorites? Do we ban music, literature, philosophy and poetry because the private lives of its creators do not measure up to the standards set by our moralists?

Let's be fair in future. If a player becomes involved in a bit of newspaper sensationalism, let's wait. Let's see what actual evidence of genuine wrong doing is brought forward. Don't permit the moral vultures to play upon your emotions. They know that mob hysteria can be harnessed—and they would strive to mould it to their bidding.

Don't help pull their chariots of hypocrisy.

Perils of Doing American History

THAT America is young is exemplified by the screen better than anything else. Consider, for instance, the danger lurking in the filming of our own history. One can never tell when a descendant of a historical character will protest—or even sue.

The Covered Wagon is an interesting instance in point. This story of our pioneer days would seem safe from protest but it has suffered its full share. Davy Crockett was originally one of its characters but Davy was given a different name because, in several scenes, he indulged in hard licker. It was felt that this pre-prohibition phase of Crockett might upset the morale of the Boy Scouts, of whom he is a sort of patron saint.

Now comes a descendant—and daughter—of James Bridger, the scout of the plains, who is portrayed in *The Covered Wagon* as having a penchant for red kin squaws. The daughter claims that the picture maligns the reputation of the real Bridger, alleging that her dad was as pure as Will Hays himself. And she claims $1,000,000 damages.

Then, too, we find an old timer, a resident of Spearfish, South Dakota, protesting against Bill Hart's *Wild Bill Hickok*. The Spearfish gentleman says there is nothing correct about the opus except the names of the characters.

Indeed, it is much easier to show the indiscretions of Louis XIV, the indiscreet errors of Peter the Great and the matrimonial high-handedness of Henry VIII. We are too close to our own history makers.

Difficulties of Filming History

SPEAKING of American-made historical spectacles, we are reminded of the protests made about the Egyptian details of *The Ten Commandments*. If Arthur Kenyon, F. R. G. S., Egyptologist, is correct, pretty nearly everything of the Biblical section is wrong, from the chariot wheels to the statues of the current gods. Mr. de Mille has protested that these details are correct—and there you are. Far be it from us to decide. But the path of the producer of film history isn't strewn with roses.

Says Frederick James Smith

Another Censorship Struggle

THE annual struggle against censorship in New York state is on as this issue goes to press. It follows naturally upon the yearly report of the New York Censorship Commission. The details of this report are of interest.

During the past year the New York State Commission made a total of 2,881 eliminations from 586 films, approving 2,257 films without eliminations. The report shows that 29 features were condemned in their entirely. Of the eliminations, there were 620 in the way of objectionable titles and 2,260 in scenes which did not meet with the approval of the Commission.

The old standby of "tending to incite to crime" was responsible for 382 eliminations, indecency for 105, tending to corrupt morals 126, inhumanity 238, sacrilegious 29, obscene 26.

Drama suffered the most with 282 eliminations, while 159 eliminations were made from comedies, 62 from comedy-dramas, 72 from serials, eight from news reels, two from educational and one from cartoons.

We must take the word of the Commission as to what is "indecent," "sacrilegious" or "obscene." It is also interesting to note that the Commission has again been eliminating from news reels and educationals. We doubt that even the men who framed the New York movie censorship laws had such a thing in mind. But censors are constituted in such a way that they want to try their scissors on everything, if given the opportunity.

The state has been saved morally for another year. We have the word of the Commission as to that. But the heavy cost of censorship, whether paid by the state or the film producers, eventually comes out of YOUR pocket in proportion to your screen theater attendance. Still YOUR morals are safe.

Too Many "Long Shots"

ALLAN DWAN, the director, has just gone on record a against the over use of the "long shot." This placing of the camera at some two or three hundred feet from the principal characters has come about because of the massive sets utilized by the directors. Naturally—and humanly—they want to show how lavishly the money has been spent, and so the characters are subordinated to the sets.

Mr. Dwan isn't against the "long shot" in every case—and we are with him in that. It is frequently necessary to get the requisite atmosphere and variety of shot. But the intimacy of the screenplay is one of its vital elements. The speaking stage keeps its audience at a distance, separated by that fence of artificiality, the footlights. The movie camera, on the other hand, brings the audience within whispering distance of its principals. The film audience is, indeed, a part of the story.

The "long shot" weaks the telling of a dramatic story.

How About Beaded Eyelashes?

WHILE we are on the subject of the film camera's intimacy, let us go on record as protesting against the obvious artifice of make-up. How many times is the effect of naturalness knocked into a cocked hat by the plainly painted lips, the shaded eyes and the beaded eyelashes of the players?

Directors will go to the utmost extremes to gain a semblance of reality, and yet they will permit the make-up of a player to completely ruin this effect.

Make-up is a relic handed down from the speaking stage. The screen will never attain a full naturalness until it discards most of it. Right here, it is interesting to speculate upon the probable changes in players' make-ups which will come about through the general introduction of color photography.

Rudy is Back at Work

RUDOLPH VALENTINO is back basking in the glare of the Cooper-Hewitts of the Famous Players-Lasky studios. Rudy said he would never work again for these Simon Legrees of the cinema world and the Lasky folks were just as positive that they'd never, never let him, unless perhaps at their own terms. Both sides have been forgetting certain remarks—and we're glad, for the Sheik is working again.

It is not possible to draw a copy book moral from all this. Rudy was naughty—but he's forgiven. At this very moment Bill Hart, he of the steady, plugging ways, is no longer a Famous Players-Lasky star. The copy books would tell us that Bill should reap his reward for his steadfast industry and that Rudy would come to some dire cinema end.

But life is queer, as possibly you have noted. Rudy, who draws at the box office, is back at work, once more the recognized czar of celluloidia, while Bill who doesn't, it would seem, is banished. If you can draw a moral from all this, go ahead. We give up, unless it's this: temperament pays!

The Waning Costume Drama

IT does not require a very long vision to see that the costume drama is soon to wane upon our screen. It will not be banished altogether, as it was once, but the vogue is done.

There's a reason. We are not constituted by training or tradition to create historical dramas and to give them the breath of life. We Americans do not feel the moods and motives of another age. We are of today, concerned only with the rushing life of our time.

Better historical plays come from abroad because of the old world atmosphere in which they are created. Surroundings, history, and the very architecture of the buildings are vital links in the daily life. Yesterday still holds today in its grip.

America can not make historical dramas possessing the vitality of those conceived in Continental studios. Historical plays of our own land, of course, are the exception.

Government Supervised Movies

AS SCREENLAND goes to press, a movement is being launched in Washington—by certain so-called reformers, of course—for a rigid government supervision of the motion picture. Doubtless some of the "reformers" hope to find a place in the supervising forces, at a healthy salary per annum.

While the current movement seems of little consequence, the screenplay needs to guard itself from any attempt at national regulation. Nothing good could ever come of such a regulation. Indeed, no one could ever gain a thing by it except the political appointees.

The so-called reformers are always hoping to hang a national censorship upon the movie. It would be the first step towards a federal regulation of the speaking stage and of literature. These people would like to regulate the every movement of every citizen. America has too much of this evil right now.

These people would like to regulate the every movement of every citizen. America has too much of this evil right now.

As We Go to Press:

¶Corinne Griffith, cinema heroine of *Black Oxen* and *Six Days,* married Walter Morosco, son of Oliver Morosco, prominent New York theatrical producer, at Tia Juana early in February. They plan to spend their honeymoon in a trip around the world, after which Walter, who has been a director at Hollywood, plans to go into business there.

¶Actual camera work on *Ben Hur* to start at the Cines studio in Rome early in March. Most of the production will be made there, although many scenes will be shot in Jerusalem.

¶Theodore Roberts suffers relapse and is very ill in Pittsburgh.

¶Richard Barthelmess recovers from minor operation and sails soon for Italy to make two pictures.

¶Pearl White announces retirement from screen, except as director.

¶Report that Famous Players intend to do Barrie's *Peter Pan* again revived. Production likely to be made in Spring.

¶Earle Williams returns to Vitagraph to do one picture, *Borrowed Husbands.*

¶Hope Hampton sails for the Mediterranean with her husband, Jules Brulateur.

¶May Allison drops divorce suit against Robert Ellis and reconciliation is under way.

¶Anna Q. Nillson suffers broken rib in making of *Flowing Gold* in Hollywood.

¶Mrs. C. Gardner Sullivan obtains divorce from husband, sued under name of Charles G. Sullivan.

¶Samuel Goldwyn purchases *Tarnish*, the Broadway success, for film production, for $75,000. George Fitzmaurice will make it, following *Cytherea.*

¶William S. Hart resting at his ranch; apparently out of pictures for good. Clifford S. Smith, his director, joins Universal.

¶Priscilla Dean signs to make four pictures for Hunt Stromberg, work on the first starting March 1st.

¶Billie Dove is playing the lead in Irvin Willat's production of Zane Grey's *Wanderer of the Wasteland* for Famous. Incidentally, Miss Dove is Mr. Willat's bride.

¶Barbara La Marr to play lead in Maurice Tourneur's production of *The White Moth.*

¶Harold Lloyd a New York visitor as Screenland goes to press. Has just finished *Girl Shy.*

¶C. Gardner Sullivan engaged by Joseph Schenck as supervising director of all Constance Talmadge productions.

¶Rudolph Valentino starts work on *Monsieur Beaucaire*, with Bebe Daniels, Helene Chadwick, Lois Wilson and Lowell Sherman in the cast. Sherman playing Louis XV.

¶Kathleen Key, the Tirzah of *Ben-Hur*, ill with influenza in Los Angeles.

¶Gloria Swanson taking a vacation in Florida, having completed *A Society Scandal.*

¶Lucy Fox added to cast of *Miami*, in which Betty Compson is starring.



EDWARD THAYER MONROE

Nita Naldi



EDWIN BOWER HESSER

Mae Murray



DONALD BIDDLE KEYES

Rod la Rocque



RICHEE

JACQUELINE LOGAN

BIG BUSINESS
And ITS MOVIES

By Upton Sinclair

¶Are the movies made for children, and for grown people who have remained at the mental age of children? Mr. Sinclair says so—and tells his reasons.

[EDITOR'S NOTE—*Upton Sinclair has been one of the revolutionary forces in American letters. His novel,* The Jungle, *brought down an investigation of the Chicago stock yards and shook America. More recently his* The Brass Check, *in which he attacked American newspapers and their methods, created a sensation. He is the author of a number of novels, including his recent* They Call Me Carpenter. *Mr. Sinclair long has been prominent in socialism and an unique force in our literature.*]

THE movies are made for children, and for grown people who have remained at the mental age of children; these constitute the bulk of our population, and anything which they could not understand, and particularly anything which would offend them, is automatically ruled out. So the movie world is a world of sticky sweet sentimentality, of rigid propriety, and of hard and fast conventionality. It is a fairy-tale world, full of infantile wish fulfillments, into which the harsh and painful facts of everyday life are never by any possibility permitted to break. Most people believe in this kind of world, and it is the kind which the director and the actor would portray if left to themselves.

Money Dictates Motion Pictures

BUT it is not the director and the actor who decide what goes into pictures. The final say rests with the producer, or his backer with the money, and these have their own ideas of what they wish the people to believe.

Let us take an illustration. All the vested interests of the entire world wish the people to believe that the present Russian government is a government of degenerates and criminals. So we have had a flood of anti-Russian propaganda pictures. Let us describe one of them—*The World and Its Women,* by Thompson Buchanan. The star in this case is Lou Tellegen, and he makes a magnificent young Russian nobleman. We are taken back to the days before the revolution, and we see the beautiful fairy-tale method applied to czarist Russia.

Flood of Anti-Russian Propaganda

THE elegant young nobleman drives his prancing steeds and he so dearly loves his humble, adoring peasants and is so good and generous to them! Never, never do you see him laying the knout upon the backs of the peasants, never do you see the troops of the Czar driving them out into the wilderness to starve because their crops have failed, and they have not paid their taxes! Never does this noble young Russian waste his substance in gambling, or upon the brilliant kept women of St. Petersburg. No, the aristocracy has become a band of saints, and the only wicked people in Russia are the revolutionists. Those glorious heroes and martyrs, the men and women who gave their lives to deliver Russia from the hideous yoke of the Czar—these have become a gang of bomb-throwing conspirators with twisted, degenerate faces and the vilest personal vices!

Then comes the revolution; and these wicked ruffians begin to murder and torture the beautiful and noble Russian aristocrats. You will not need me to tell you what comes next. No propaganda of world capitalism against Soviet Russia would be complete without the nationalization of women! In this case, of course, it is a pure and beautiful American girl who is to be "nationalized"; and, of course, it is the handsome and noble young Russian aristocrat who rescues her; and, of course, it is warships flying Old Glory which achieve the final deliverance. It is a tradition of Broadway and 42nd Street that whenever George M. Cohan found he had a bum [*Continued on page 91*]

¶Says Mr. Sinclair

¶It is not the director and the actor who decide what goes into pictures. The final say rests with the producer, or his backer with the money, and these have their own ideas of what they wish the people to believe.

¶Deliberate class lying now constitutes practically all of what feeble intellectual life our moving pictures possess.

¶The movies have come to full consciousness; they have a Big Business director, at a salary of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and they have gone on a huge scale into the business of protecting organized greed by making it holy to the people of America.



What will BEN

¶*June Mathis tells why*

By Eunice

BEN-HUR, to me, has the odor of sanctity. Probably because it was one of the few books I was permitted to read on Sunday when I was a child. Those other stand-bys of the Sunday School library—the *Little Colonel* books, *The Blue and the Gray, Richard Carvel* and *The Crisis*—were all estimable but worldly books and therefore taboo for the Sabbath. But *Ben-Hur* dealt with Bible characters and was consequently endorsed for Sunday consumption, along with Elsie Dinsmore. The pious Elsie was never *simpatica* to my unregenerate soul, even at that early stage of a long and sinful career, but I reveled in *Ben-Hur*.

The Lure of Ben-Hur

I PASSED long, drowsy Sunday afternoons, following with bated breath Ben's sufferings in the galleys of Rome, his encounters on the field of battle, his glorious triumph over the villain Messala in the chariot race, and his amours with the circe, Iras, siren of Egypt. There was a vamp, now! She knew her stuff and was hampered by no inhibitions. I wonder if my beloved mother had ever read those amorous passages, before she handed the book over to her small daughter for Sunday reading? But then, my trusting mother could find only a spiritual interpretation even in Solomon's beautiful but voluptuous Song of Songs. However, even though most of the warm passages went over my youthful head like an umbrella, the story was dramatic and thrilling and its memory has lasted over the intervening years.

So it has been with the keenest interest that I have watched the preparations for filming *Ben-Hur*. In fact, I've been all het up over it.

The suspense has been terrible, waiting to see who was going to play the title role. Every male from Valentino, who was temporarily *hors du combat*, to the dancer, Paul Swan, has been mentioned.

¶*Why was Walsh selected for Ben-Hur? "Because of his body," says Miss Mathis. "Ben-Hur had a beautiful body; he gloried in it. It was his magnificent physique that led the Roman judge to sentence him to the galleys, manned by the cream of all the captives of Rome."*

June Mathis Selects Walsh

THEN the enterprising press agents of the Goldwyn corps added fuel to the fire of our suspense by starting a cute little contest, to pick the lucky actor by public acclaim,

Happen *to* HUR?

George Walsh was selected Marshall

as it were. (Probably keeping the mental reservation that the winner might get the job, providing he were on the Goldwyn payroll and handy). Every male actor in Hollywood, including Rin-tin-tin, polled at least one vote in this contest. But at the psychological moment, when we were all developing a temperature, Ben-Hur was picked by the real boss of the lot, June Mathis.

And June Mathis chose—a moment the while I wipe away the tears that blind me—George Walsh.

Now George Walsh is probably the one actor whose loss, should Providence remove him from our celluloid midst, I feel I could most bravely bear up under. If I were picking a male star for almost any picture, Walsh would come in just about where he stands in the alphabet, way down in the W's. But June Mathis, who has forgotten more about picking winners than most casting directors will ever learn, states without an "if" or a "but" that George Walsh, himself, in person, is going to prove as great a surprise after *Ben-Hur* as one Valentino did after *The Four Horsemen.*



¶*George Walsh's eyes led largely to his selection as Ben-Hur, says Miss Mathis. "They have the so-rare quality of spirituality," she says. "They have the light of one who dreams and sees visions. Too, he has an old world face." Somehow, we question Miss Mathis' enthusiasm.*

Confident About Walsh as Ben

"People talked about Valentino, when we chose him for Julio, just as you all are talking about Walsh now," declares Miss Mathis. "They told me Rudolph had no personality, that he wasn't an actor, that he would kill the picture. Well, you saw. . . ."

Well, we saw. Maybe we will see a similar success when *Ben-Hur* flashes on the screen. Maybe.

"Just why did you pick Walsh for *Ben-Hur,*" I asked June Mathis.

"Because of his eyes mostly. They have the so-rare quality of spirituality. You saw *Rosita?* You remember the

[*Continued on page* 93]



¶*Three principals of the* Ben-Hur *cast. Left to right: Carmel Myers as Iris, Gertrude Olmstead as Esther; and Kathleen Key as Tirsah, sister of Ben-Hur.*



¶ Claire Windsor tries out a real ship of the desert in the midst of the Sahara.

¶ Edwin Carewe and his company worked on the edge of the great Sahara desert for some months, filming *A Son of the Sahara* with a company numbering such well known American players as Miss Windsor, Bert Lytell, Montague Love, Rosemary Theby and Paul Panzer. The interiors of *A Son of the Sahara* have been made in Paris and America will soon see the result.

Burning Sands

MARION DAVIES

Her True Life Story Told Here *for the* First Time

By Anna Prophater

¶ *The fifth of Screenland's remarkable chronicles of our screen favorites, presents the unique story of a New York girl who came to stardom via the musical comedy chorus*



THE life story of Marion Davies contains no lesson for ambitious young beginners. It is set forth as no plan for struggling young actresses, for the curious achievement of Marion Davies in turning herself into an actress after five years of empty stardom is not the sort of experience that can be copied or duplicated.

Her story is interesting as an adventure into topsy turvydom. And it is also a little glamorous because of the personality of the girl herself. Strangely enough, although Miss Davies has received more publicity than any of her fellow stars, the real character of the girl herself never has struggled through the mass of stories that have been written about her.

And what is even more strange, for five years none of her moving pictures, none of her photographs and none of the portraits that were painted of her ever showed you a real glimpse of her. She was a blonde beauty, a pretty model for artists and therefore branded "the most artificial star on the screen."

But all that was before *Little Old New York* and *When Knighthood was in Flower*. It was before she cast aside the acute



¶ *Above: Marion Davies as she appeared when she joined Flo Ziegfeld's Follies. At the left: as she appeared in* Oh, Boy!

The Fifth of Screenland's



¶ *Always lacking self-confidence, Marion Davies came slowly to be recognized as an actress, hiding her struggle to learn behind her shyness*

Reine, then married to George Lederer, the theatrical manager, appeared on the stage and won considerable fame as "the American beauty." Two other sisters, Rose and Ethel, might have added to the electrical display of stars on Broadway if they hadn't decided in favor of marriage and domesticity. And so it was that Marion first encountered professional competition in her own family.



¶ *Above and at the right: Marion Davies as she appeared in* Miss 1917 *and* Chin-Chin.

shyness and self-consciousness that struck terror to her heart every time she stepped before a camera.

Once Afraid of Acting

At the risk of being thought a terrible liar, I am going to tell you that Marion Davies used to be so shy and self-conscious that she was afraid of the easiest sort of scenes and that her work at the studio was barred by a thousand "I can'ts."

But to get to the facts of her career: Marion Davies was born Marion Douras. Her birthplace was Brooklyn, but she lived there only during her babyhood. Her father, Bernard Douras, was a lawyer. He is now a magistrate of the city of New York.

Marion was the youngest of a family of four girls. And, being the youngest, she has lived up to the best traditions of Messrs. Grimm and Anderson by turning out to be the family beauty. When she was a young child her sister

True Life Star Stories

¶Selected because of her beauty and just a "made star," Marion Davies found confidence and acting skill through her own efforts.



¶ *Right, Miss Davies in* The Young Diana, *which represented the last of the pictures in which the star lacked confidence in herself. Below, as she appeared in* Little Old New York, *a comedienne of spontaneity and charm.*



Raised in Gramercy Section

Most of Marion's childhood was spent in the Gramercy Park neighborhood. It is one of the old-fashioned downtown residential sections of New York and the children who live nearby are particularly fortunate because they have a pretty little private park to play in. But, what is even better, they are also convenient to Third Avenue with its gangs of tough kids, and so they have unexcelled advantages of acquiring a fighting spirit at an early age.

Marion says that she wasn't much on looks when she was a kid. She had freckles, a perky nose and a sassy expression on her face. Also she stuttered. It wasn't a bad stutter and, in fact, it was rather cute; but it was the bane of her life. It was a sign of the same shyness and self-consciousness that was to worry her so later on.

Miss Davies still stutters slightly but she has stopped worrying about it. She has learned that it is a rather unimportant defect and that, after all, it adds a certain charm to her conversation. And so she admits it, laughs about it and lets it go at that.

Shy Because of Vocal Defect

However, it was because of this shyness of speech that she left school. The young Marion was a poor student; when several public schools proved unsuccessful she was moved to a private school. But the teachers had small patience with her. Not only did she refuse to learn her lessons but she was a victim of the lure of the corner candy store. It didn't comfort them



CAMPBELL

any to know that the girl who was so suspiciously quiet in the classroom was the most mischievous once she was safely out of school.

Miss Davies says that she sometimes tried to learn her lessons but that her fits of scholarship got her nowhere. For as soon as she was called upon to recite, she would be stricken dumb and told abuptly to "sit down."

At the age of thirteen, Marion was removed from school. Her parents had the full approval of the principal and all the teachers when they decided to discontinue her studies. Moreover, Marion had adopted an ambition of her own and it seemed wise to encourage her in it. She wanted to become a dancer and go on the stage.

Began to Study Dancing

With Reine on the stage and surrounded by many theatrical friends, it seemed to the Douras family a wise step for Marion. So she was sent to Alexis Kosloff's dancing school.

"I was very happy at dancing school," Miss Davies said, speaking of the first steps in her professional career. "And I really worked hard. You see, I never had taken much interest in other lessons but I did enjoy the dancing. I had hard training, too, because I had the regular ballet course. I studied to be a toe-dancer and I can still dance on my toes."

In the professional atmosphere of Kosloff's school, Marion got her first direct insight into theatrical life. When Charles Dillingham was casting for *Chin Chin*, Fred Stone's show, Miss Davies applied for an engagement in the chorus. And got it. She was very pretty, very young and she could dance.

Began in Fred Stone's Chorus

Beauty is never born to blush unseen on Broadway; Marion was only on the stage of the Globe Theatre for a few weeks when her photographs began to appear in the newspapers, when people began to speak of "the little Davies girl," when she became a "featured beauty."

There is no getting around it; she was a great success as a chorus girl. She was pink and white, blonde and demure. But she wasn't at any time conspicuous in Broadway's night life. She never became deeply involved in the life of the Great White Way. Miss Davies lived at home with her parents and probably both parental and managerial advice warned her against making the mistakes of the beauties who step from the theatre to the cabaret.

Naturally enough, her short

[*Continued on page 86*]

¶ *Miss Davies as the Princess Mary in* Yolanda, *her newest screenplay and an interesting contrast to the study below of her in* Betty.



WHITE

Decorations by Wynn



Los Angeles night scene as the reformers would have it.

¶ *The quaint cults range all the way from Golden Calf Worshippers, with Mack Sennett as Supreme Grand Wink, to the Wholly Rollers of Hosiery, with Nita Naldi as unsocked priestess.*

Hollywood Cultifornia

By H. B. K. Willis

SPEAK of sects in Hollywood and they will infer you spell it with an "x." Nevertheless it is just about a toss-up between sex appeal and sects' appeal, for those who are up-on-the-bit about the former on week-days are equally keen about the latter on Sundays.

Truly the movies are made in Southern Cultifornia and on each Sabbath the devout pray that some one will some time kick the "l" out of Hollywood and make it Holywood at least for one day of the week. Why more than four hundred cults, creeds and religions flourish in the southern part of the land of the padres is a moot question.

Crop of Cults and Oranges

But whatever the answer it is a fact that in Southern Cultifornia cults are cultivated as much as the orange groves and credit at the banks. The mandate "Go and synagogue no more!" has no application here, for the religious angle is seemingly interjected into business and politics with a fervor that has no parallel in recent times.

The fervor, however, has a distinctly Californian flavor, a zip and a breathlessness that is utterly beyond the ken of a newly-arrived Easterner. Churches, which have relegated the quiet comfort and dignity of extreme orthodoxy to the limbo occupied by leg-o'-mutton sleeves and bustles, go in for newspaper advertising with a punch, turning out samples of the ad-writer's art that sell religion just as surely as it sold Eskimo pies. Perusal of such an ad always inspires a deal of trepidation in me and I glance furtively at the bottom of the latter-day tract fully expecting to see "God & Co., Inc., Successors to The First Baptist Church," emblazoned there in bold-faced type.

Even Billy Sunday Seems Restrained

Billy Sunday is much subdued when he comes home to Los Angeles to visit his real-estating son, George, for his methods in comparison to those of some of the dominies in the City of Angels are as restrained as Pola Negri's *Bella Donna*.

The ministers who are getting by with a bang out here are advance agents for brimstone hells for the wicked and archangels with husky baritones to those whom they have saved for the pearly gates. If one desires to go in for religion out here there is a notable field spread out for his or her selection. There is everything from a Mussulman to a Seventh Day Adventist bidding for your sanctimony. If you have no religion, you can join a food cult.

Religion is a vital question out here. The middle ground between the blue-stockings and the liberal sects is populated with paynims with comfortable creeds.

Treating Cults Gingerly

But if one would remain ambulant under the welkin, which is the special property of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, one should go lightly, gingerly in the treatment of religious topics and it is best to keep one's own counsel on the subject of cults in this land of Cameradia where the clergy has supplanted missals with boxing gloves and the laiety discuss Holy Writ on the street cars.

The crusading clerics, whose churches are so theatrical in tone and arrangement that one unconsciously sticks out his hand for his seat-checks after having been duly "ushed" into range of pulpit broadsides, have an annoying way of sticking their noses into what has always been regarded as the business of the police department.

Recently they, full of the beauty of holiness and redolent with the odor of sanctity, which to me always savors of moth-balls, were instrumental in having nine men bundled off to the hoosegow for operating wheels-of-fortune at a Masonic circus which dispensed hams for the benefit of sweet, and needless to say, Christian charity.

Raiding a Movie Ball

A fortnight previously they are credited with being the causative factors behind the midnight invasion, by splay-footed pavement-patters of the motion picture directors' Biltmore ball, just as the men and maids of the cinema were getting under way, stopping the affair because a mouldering ordinance on the civic statute books added another to *The Ten Commandments,* approved by Moses and adapted by Jeannie MacPherson: "Thou shalt not dance after midnight."

Never in sympathy with proponents of things revivalistic in religion, movie-dom boiled over at this. Fred Niblo did a Patrick Henry from a balcony first and then proceeded to organize a better-government league which made the political churchmen on the city council turn as blue as their socks and extend the time for ending dances until one o'clock in the morning, Saturdays and Sundays excepted.

The 'Frisco Migration

The Wampasses, however, picked up their "baby stars" and went up to San Francisco for their annual frolic, because, they insisted, religion was not to be allowed to interfere with their yearly program. Perhaps you recall reading all about this ruckus in the newspapers. It was some ruckus and the turmoil lasted almost a month.

Hence the cult of the camera finds the prototypes of the deacons of the days of the ducking stool about as pleasant as a potion of formaldehyde and barn-paint. Cameradia, desiring, for the most part, duplex accommodations of comfort and convenience in things celestial, carefully eschews the daredevil dominies in choosing its divines.

Film folks, for the most part, prefer New Thought because it predisposes intelligence and is different, to the evangelical offerings of Aimee Semple McPherson, healer and preacher, who has worked wonders with gypsies. Thousands flock to hear her but few camerads are in the throng.

More than four hundred cults, creeds and religions flourish in South California.
Yet, if you speak of sects in Hollywood, they will infer that you spell it with an "x."

Catch-as-Catch-Can Cults

People of the flicker world seem to prefer free-for-all, catch-as-catch-can religions. The Talmud, naturally, has more than a tittle of adherents from screenland in the synagogues. Roman Catholicism is largely represented in the land of lenses.

Protestant churches in Hollywood have a large number of members from the motion picture colony which has never been isolated. Many attend the services at the chapel at Carthay Centre and the Little Church Around the Corner, over which the genial and tolerant Rev. Neal Dodd presides, is known far and wide as the movie church.

Nagel Leads the Scientists

But Christian Science seems to have claimed many converts from cinema ranks. Conrad Nagel, who was dubbed "My savage Paul" by some subtly satirical title-writer for Goldwyn, although his being cast for that role in *Three Weeks* frayed the nerves of Elinor Glyn, is an usher at the Scientist church in Hollywood. His ivory-soap countenance and apparent asceticism completely upsets the flappers who are fortunate to come under his guidance.

Most everyone in Hollywood to whom I have talked on matters religious is a Christian Scientist. The women never fail to mention how spirituelle Conrad is. The men advance arguments in support of their beliefs.

But a religious cast rarely gets a rise from the studio denizens. They will not admit they are strong for Christion Science because it takes their minds off their pay-checks and lot shutdowns. Always non-committal, movie people are more so in the face of questions with a religious tinge.



Theda One of New Thoughtists

There are quite a number who have espoused New Thought. Theda Bara is held to be a theosophist. Those who swarm about the swamis, consult crystal-

Hollywood folk who swarm about swamis, consult crystal gazers and seek the soothsayers are legion.

[*Continued on page 88*]

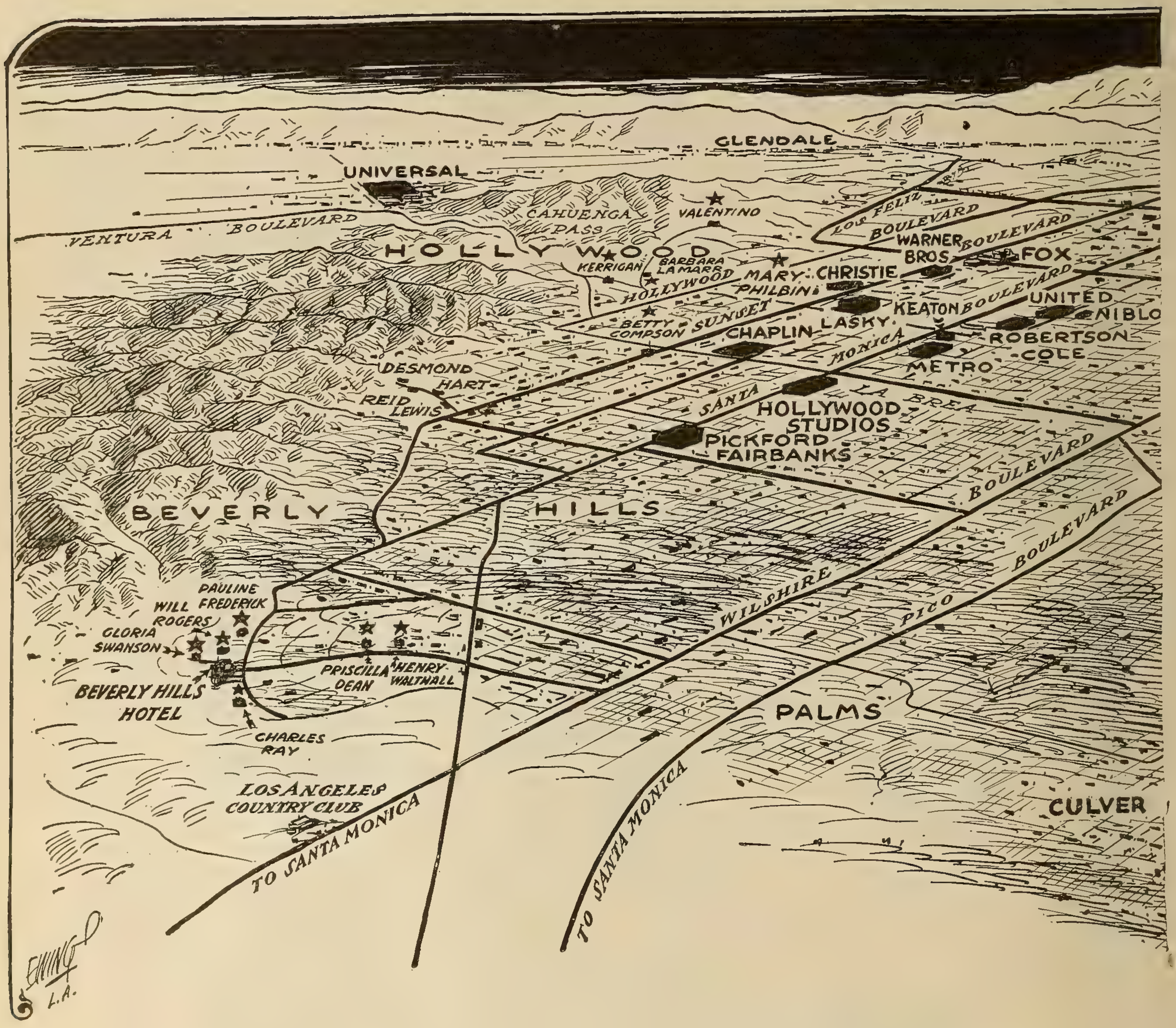
In the Great Northwest

By

John Held, Jr.



¶The tremendous moment in the screen super-drama, when the heroine dons her Paluska—or whatever they call it—and goes forth to "get her man."



Will MOVIE *Production*

By Grace

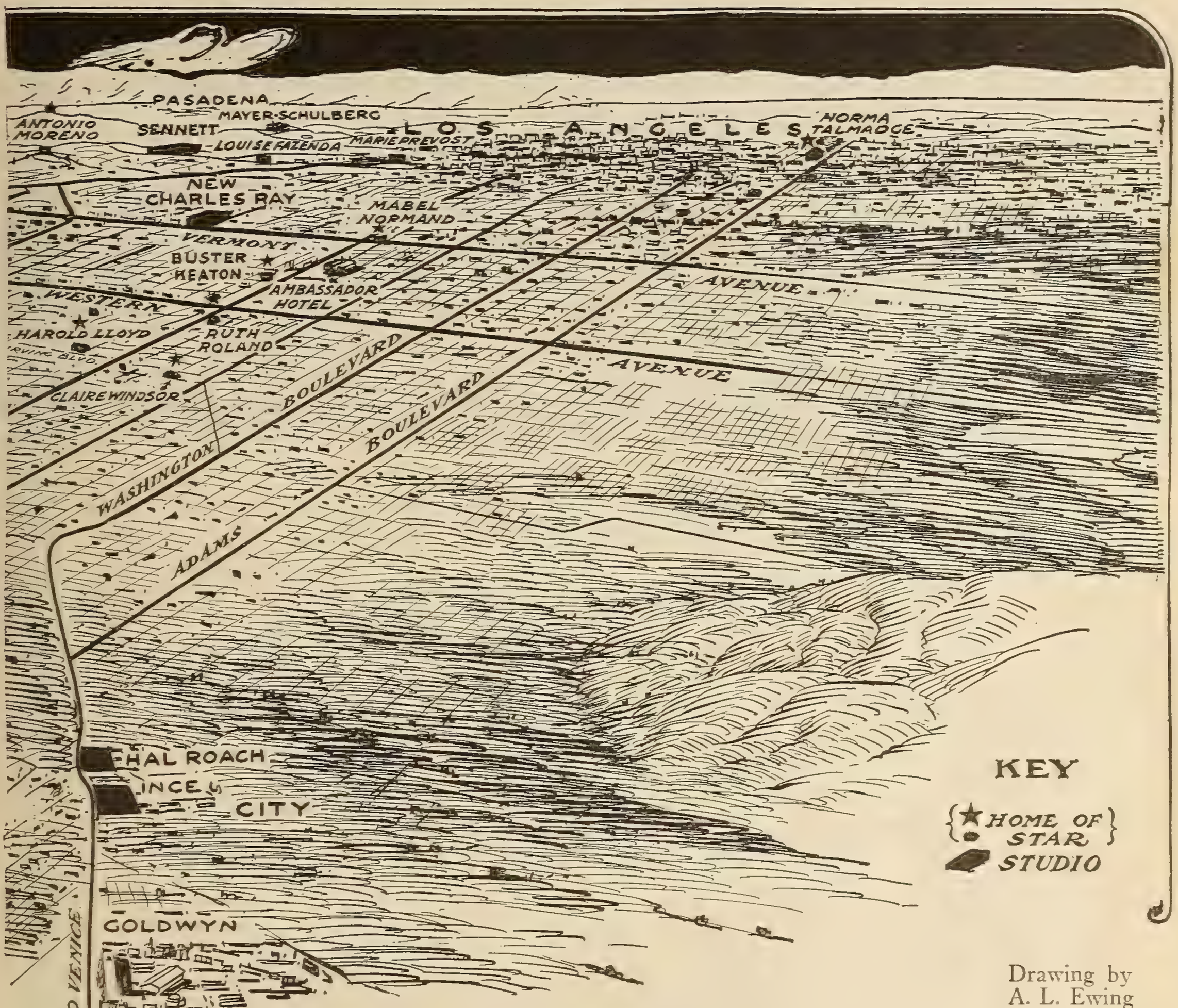
Will motion picture production move away from California? Actual figures of the industry seem to indicate that Western screenplay making is slowly decreasing and that Eastern production is showing a corresponding increase. Yet will California ever cease to be the actual center of the cinema? In and about Hollywood there are some twenty-four studios at an actual valuation of twenty-four millions of dollars. Can the motion picture afford to move away from all this, as well as its many other investments? In order to ascertain definitely how the motion picture has affected California and to secure actual first-hand information as to these investments, SCREENLAND *appointed Grace Kingsley, the foremost screen writer of the Pacific Coast and motion picture editor of* THE LOS ANGELES TIMES *to make a special investigation.*

The Editor.

"HOW far is Los Angeles from Hollywood?" That's the question that Charlie Christie, head of the Christie Film Company, says people are asking now-a-days, instead of "How far is Hollywood from Los Angeles?"

Probably the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce would hardly O.K. that statement, but anyhow it epitomizes the amazing and growing importance, vividness, picturesqueness and wealth of the film community.

Eleanor Glyn said something else after she had caught her breath following the shock of taking her first peek at Hollywood, land of contradictions, of glowing hopes and mad despair, of exotic emotions and prissy puritanism, of Main Street smugness and ethereal yearnings, of flat, one-story buildings



Drawing by
A. L. Ewing

Desert *the* WEST?

Kingsley

and castles in the air.

"Hollywood is a state of mind!"

That was Mrs. Glyn's comment.

Those two remarks sum up the situation, I think.

The Midas Touch in Hollywood

How the motion picture Midas has turned everything he touched to gold out there in Hollywood! How unique in the world's history indeed is the amazing skyward leap in values of real estate since the entrance of big picture interests ten years ago.

Only ten short years ago, what funny little places the studios were, what funny pictures they turned out, and how suspicious was everybody connected with them! It was as much as a reporter's life was worth to try to get into one of the places.

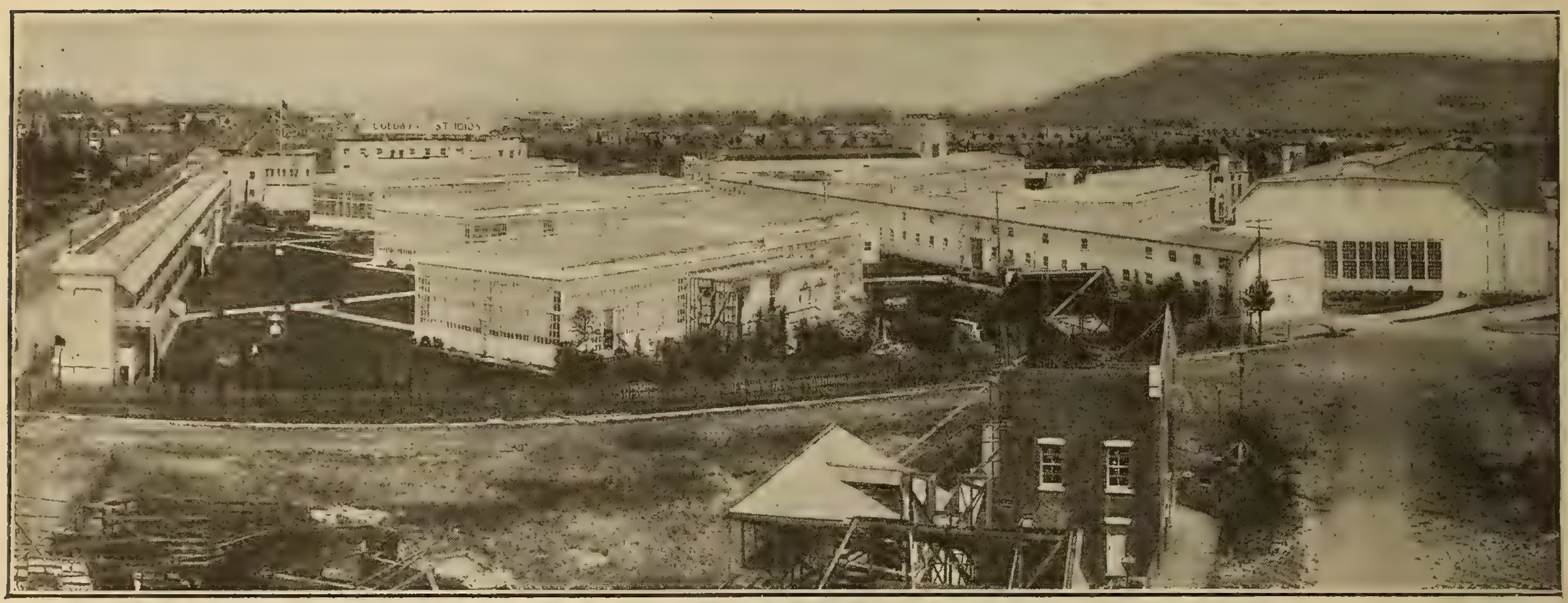
"I knew Jesse Lasky when he owned only one actor," explained Rob Wagner to me the other day, "and Mack Sennett, too!"

Which leads up gracefully to the manner in which Messrs. Lasky, Sennett, Goldwyn, Fox, Laemmle and the rest have been able to make ten pictures grow where only one grew before, and the effect it has had on the community in which the pictures were made.

According to the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, the annual payroll of the picture companies is approximately $50,000,000. Ten years ago it wasn't over $100,000!

During 1923, the picture companies produced $150,000,000 worth of film in California.

In the coming year, according to the authority quoted above, production is to be increased. Fox and Christie alone plan an



¶ *The above view shows a panorama of the Goldwyn Studios, the massive Culver City home of picture making.*

expenditure of approximately $30,000,000 in studio improvements and in the purchase of stories and production of films.

"And much of the money which is made in pictures in salaries," said Mr. Christie, the other day, "is paid right back into the community, *i. e.*, invested in real estate, houses, oil wells. Directors, stars, actors, right down the line to the poorest property boy, all have investments made."

The Christies themselves admit they have made more money in the last year in real estate than they made with their famous comedies during the whole last four years! And they are very generous with the people connected with them, allowing them a slice of their own investments at rock-bottom prices. Dorothy Devore, Jimmy Adams and Bobby Vernon are on the way to growing rich.

There are some mighty interesting stories connected with these investments. One little script girl I heard of, working on $30 a week, had bought a couple of lots on Beverly Drive, and had built a shack on them where she and her mother dwelt. Beverly Drive was cut through, became a main artery of travel from city to the sea, and that little script girl found herself with property worth $10,000.

Many of the stars have fairly made fortunes in the real estate business, and only recently two well-known players, Wedgwood Nowell and Mary Huntress, have quit the film-acting business to go into real estate.

How Players Have Made Fortunes

Louise Fazenda's experience with real estate is fascinating. One day five years ago when Louise was a budding Sennett comedienne, she went over to stroll in West Lake Park. On a park bench sat a woman weeping. Louise stopped and asked sympathetically what her trouble was, and the woman said her husband was ill, that she had a couple of little children, and that all she had in the world was a lot on Alvarado Street which she couldn't sell. Louise offered to buy it. The woman was overjoyed. The lot cost Louise $3500. She intended to build a home on it. But the other day when we were driving by there, Louise said she didn't feel she could afford to live there! She is going to build an apartment house and rent it. The property is worth $35,000.

Harold Lloyd is heavily interested in the big Gaylord Apartments.

Ruth Roland is famous not only as a picture star, but as a real estate queen. She has made many thousand dollars out of her real estate transactions during the past year, and owns an apartment house besides an interest in a big real estate syndicate. She is promoting a big apartment at Wilshire Boulevard and Ardmore Street.

So the day of the impecunious actor seems to be past so far as Hollywood is concerned. Some actors have invested in shops, too, and have an income, while many have built apartment houses and bungalow courts.

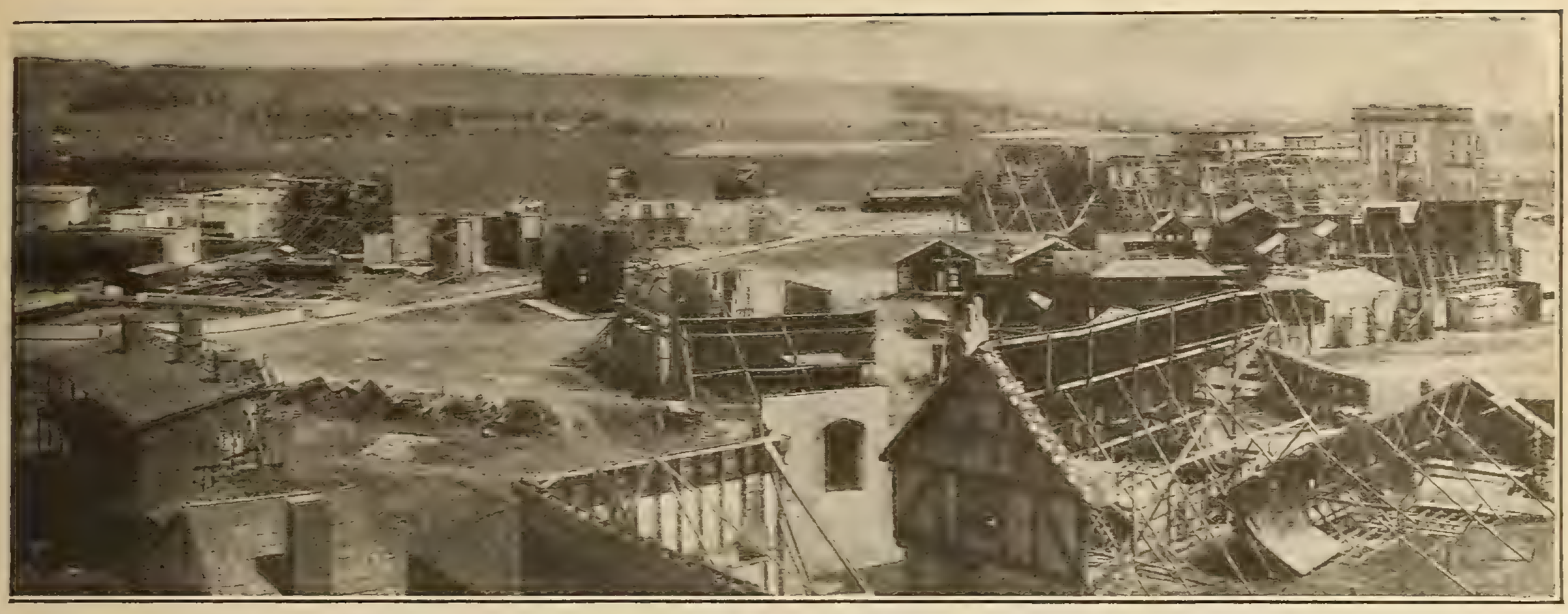
So far as real estate values soaring is concerned, the Christie Brothers' experience will serve as an example of the unparalleled rise in property.

The Coming of the Studios

Al Christie came west with David Horsley in 1911 and rented the studio on the two-acre property they now occupy at the corner of Gower and Sunset, with a small studio which they have since enlarged. And their rent for the whole thing



¶ *The entrance to Universal City, one of the biggest California motion picture investments*



¶ *In this view of Goldwyn Studios may be glimpsed some of the sets of* In the Palace of the King *and* Name the Man.

was $30 per month! This property is now worth easily half a million dollars. Four years ago, the property was worth $40 a front foot; now it is worth $800 a front foot.

Westwood seems to be the new Mecca for picture interests. Westwood is a suburb of Los Angeles on the west. Here Fox, Christie, and Harold Lloyd are to build big, handsome studios within the next year. Christie has forty acres.

In the meantime, business property along Hollywood's principal streets has increased in value one thousand per cent. in the last five years! Three height-limit buildings are going up in Hollywood, and a large hotel is being promoted just below Gower on Hollywood Boulevard.

This is the first time in the history of the theatrical business that the actor has had a home. And the actors are taking advantage of their opportunities. Many are building houses and selling them, building again at once. But some prefer to remain where they are, even to making money.

$10,000 An Acre in Culver City

AVERAGE value of land in Culver City now-a-days, especially near the Goldwyn Studios, is $10,000 an acre.

It was very timidly that I first began to knock at the flimsy portals of the studios, ten years ago. The newspapers were not exploiting pictures, and the pictures were not inviting exploitation. Everywhere suspicion greeted the visitor, for it was thought that you had come "to steal their stuff."

But gradually this state of things thawed, and picture folk welcomed newspaper folk with open arms.

Oh, but wasn't it exciting when we found that Universal was going to build a great studio to be known as Universal City! The old Universal studio at Gower and Sunset Boulevards, in Hollywood, consisting of some long, low buildings and a couple of flimsy stages, was considered pretty fine; but after the ride over Cahuenga Pass, a distance of some eight miles, we were overwhelmed at the sight of half a dozen low concrete buildings and a tower office where Carl Laemmle was to preside, and from which he could watch every part of his plant up to the big curve in the road leading to the back ranch. Great sets such as had never been known were to be built on that big tract. To this day it is the most beautiful and romantic studio of all to my mind, with its rolling green hills covered with scrub oak, its stream flowing amid the willows, its purple mountains in the distance, its curving roads, its odd and picturesque sets which dot the hills and lowlands.

Historic Old Universal Ranch

BACK of that is the old Universal Ranch, the whole comprising six hundred acres. The old ranch is the historical background for all the war pictures ever made! Here come to life the wars of the world! Here is the only spot around Hollywood where the telegraph poles cease from troubling and the Ford trucks are *non est*, with no betraying palms messing up the landscape. Here *The Birth of a Nation* was born, so far as the battle scenes were concerned; here *The Four Horsemen* battle scenes were taken; here Allen Holubar, who lately passed away while making what promised to be his biggest picture, screened *The Heart of Humanity;* here Rupert Julian made *We Are French* and *To Hell With the Kaiser*. Even some scenes of Griffith's *Hearts of the World*, most of which were filmed abroad, were made here.

Eric Von Stroheim tells me an anecdote about a singular incident occuring during the filming of *Hearts of the World*. It seems that Griffith caught many actual incidents on the French battlefields with his camera, going into the trenches with his cameraman for that pur-



¶ *A view of the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, with* Bagdad *and* Dorothy Vernon *in the making.*

[*Continued on page 86*]

The HISTORY of the WORLD

As caught by the NEWS REEL

By Anna Prophater

WINSTED, Conn.—Two-legged animal discovered in monkey colony. Strange freak of nature walks, talks and smokes a pipe like a human being.

Mount Ararat.—First exclusive pictures of Great Flood which destroyed thousands of lives and millions in property.
View of stricken region photographed from Mount Ararat.
Rushing waters swept away entire villages.
Saving livestock on board rescue-ship S. S. Ark.
A closeup of Mr. Noah and his family, sole survivors.

* * *

Athens, Greece.—All sportdom turns out for Olympic games. Traffic at standstill as huge mob throngs city's streets.
Thousands storm gates. Many waited in line all night to get seats.
Judge Hector Landis throws the first discus.
Lining up for the one hundred yard dash.
Bang! Bang! They're off.
Slow motion of Kid Hapopulos throwing the javelin.

* * *

Rome, Italy.—Many thrilling rescues, as $1,000,000 blaze destroys city.
Thousands watch work of fire apparatus.
Wind carries flames to new court house.
Emperor Nero fiddles as he directs work of firemen from balcony of his Palace.
"Business must go on as usual," says Nero.
Hundreds of fish take refuge in River Tiber.

* * *

Jarrow-on-Tyne, England.—Lives to be one hundred and fifty and takes a drink every day.
"Smoke good tobacco and drink good liquor" is advice of Venerable Bede to men who would live to ripe old age.

* * *

Runnymede, England.—King John signs Magna Charta. Promises drastic reforms.
Delegates arriving at Conference.
King puts his mark on document that frees all Englishmen.
Nobles present King with fountain pen used on memorable occasion.

* * *

Venice, Italy.—Noted traveler returns after extensive tour in Orient.
"No place like home," declares Polo, who finds conditions abroad in unsettled state.
He gives a friendly salute to the sky-line.

* * *

First exclusive pictures of Columbus expedition.
Off for the New World.
The crew enjoyed themselves playing deck tennis.
Land Ho!
After witnessing these native dances, no wonder Chris thinks the American women are the most beautiful in the world.

* * *

Paris, France.—General Bonaparte reviews his troops.
Veterans of the Battle of the Nile pass before First Consul as Paris cheers its soldier boys.



IRA SCHWARZ

Helena D'Algy



CLARENCE S. BULL

George Walsh



APEDA

Richard Barthelmess



EDWARD THAYER MONROE

MARIE PREVOST

¶*At the right: A Heroine of Virtue; which means in the movies that the plot will concern itself with her enemies' thrilling lack of so-called morals.*



The Battle Ground of Drama

By Ben Hecht

¶*Evil is the basis, the veritable mainspring, of all Moral Drama, says Mr. Hecht*

Decoration by Herman Rosse

IT is unfortunate but true that Evil is the basis, the veritable mainspring, of all Moral Drama. The Heroine and Hero types around which 90% of the movie plots are built are in themselves uninteresting and undramatic effigies. A consciously moral man or woman is one who has surrendered to the current ethical policemen.

THERE is nothing wrong with being a Moral Type. Moral types are vitally necessary to the world. Morality offers a haven for cowards and semi-idiots. It is a crystallization of all the fears, incompetencies and confusions which riot in the incomplete soul of the race. It is a system of conduct and values, varying from age to age, which does the thinking for fools. And it is far better for the convenience of the world that its folly wear a known and organized mask. If you are in doubt as to what would happen were Morality and the ethical standards which stem from it to be repudiated by the dolts for whose protection it has been devised, observe the Cultists.

Says Mr. Hecht

¶Morality offers a haven for cowards and semi-idiots. It is a crystallization of all the fears, incompetencies and confusions which riot in the incomplete soul of the race. It is a system of conduct and values, varying from age to age, which does the thinking for fools.

MOVIE heroes and heroines are, with hardly exception, symbols of morality rather than portraits of human beings. The result is that nothing a movie hero or heroine does can be interesting or dramatic. There is, of course, the ruse of acrobatics. Symbols of Morality leaping from aeroplanes to speeding locomotives, falling over cliffs, engaging in terrific combats, etc., manage to entertain the public. An entire dramaturgy has been developed by the movies out of the fact that one way to make a movie hero interesting is to de-humanize him entirely, remove all pretense of reality from his character and offer him as an expressionless automaton stampeded into grotesque activity by events. Harold Lloyd, Larry Semon, Buster Keaton, Ben Turpin, etc., are for the moment the leaders of this technique. The future will undoubtedly see an amazing development of the comic acrobat hero.

THE Moral Drama depends for its interest upon the Evil it depicts. It is the machinations of the Villain which hold the attention of the public. The reason is very simple. The average citizen, regardless of private griefs or ethical lapses, when assembled in a crowd does his thinking as a crowd and becomes forthwith not himself but a part of something. His public attitudes, particularly his attitudes toward literature and drama, are not the attitudes of an individual but of a Code to which he has subscribed. It is with the eyes of his neighbor that a man reads exactly as it is in the eyes of his neighbor that a man lives. The heroine and hero whom he watches on the screen are undramatic to him because he knows they are unreal—as unreal as the pretentions he himself makes—in public. He knows, from experience, that these characters of the films are cartoons of virtue, vague animations of the bromides and pieties to which he has surrendered. They can never hope to interest him because they can never hope to surprise him.

THE ideas and activities of the thousands of heroes and heroines he watches in the movie dramas are the ideas and activities in which he would indulge were life simple and unreal enough to permit him to live up to the things he calls his "ideals."

EVIL in the movie plots is typified usually by Sex. There is also Greed, Lawlessness, Meanness and Cruelty. The hero or heroine of the movie plot borrows an illusion of reality from the Villain. Mary Pickford, playing *Rosita,* is 100% a Symbol of Morality. Her characterization, despite an attempt at hoydenism, is uninter- [*Continued on page* 95]



Back HOME Again

¶ *Betty Compson is again a star in American motion pictures, after a brief desertion to the British studios.*

¶ *Miss Compson has been signed to make screenplays for W. W. Hodkinson release, with Alan Crosland directing. The new Compson pictures are being made in New York and Florida.*

HESSER

Ten Best Pictures Selected

SCREENLAND has selected the ten best motion picture dramas of all time. The votes in the contest, which closed on January 15th, have been tabulated and the final results are presented on this page.

SCREENLAND went to great pains to get a cosmopolitan vote. The foremost men of the celluloid world, including such authorities as Adolph Zukor, president of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, offered their choice of the ten best pictures, the leading screen critics were invited to give their selection, and the readers of SCREENLAND were asked to send in their own individual lists. Our readers responded in remarkable fashion, the votes flooding in from all parts of America, from Mexico, Cuba, Canada, Australia, Japan and England.

Admirable Consensus of Opinion

SCREENLAND looks upon the vote as presenting an admirable concensus of opinion. The final vote is the list of ten as selected by the men who make the movies, the writers who criticise them and the people who go to see them. No list could be more substantial in opinion or more definite in its findings.

Until the very last vote was counted it was impossible to tell definitely whether David Wark Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation* or Rex Ingram's *The Four Horsemen* had won first place. The Griffith epic finally nosed out Mr. Ingram's film version of the Ibanez wartime novel. *The Covered Wagon* was but a short distance behind these two. *Robin Hood, Broken Blossoms, Orphans of the Storm, Tol'able David, The Kid, 'Way Down East, Passion* and *The Miracle Man* were within a few votes of each other. Their positions on the list of ten changed almost daily with the voting. *When Knighthood Was in Flower* was some little distance behind the field.

Heavy Last Minute Vote

IN the second list *Blood and Sand* and *The Girl I Loved* pulled a surprising last minute vote. *The Woman of Paris*, too, spurted into the second ten in the last days of the voting.

SCREENLAND is particularly proud of the discrimination disclosed by the voting. When such admirable and varied screen classics as *Broken Blossoms, Nanook of the North* and *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* find their way into honor positions on a general vote, the screen world has occasion to think that the great film public is steadily advancing in its tastes and likings.

The Final Vote

1. *The Birth of a Nation*
2. *The Four Horsemen*
3. *The Covered Wagon*
4. *Robin Hood*
5. *Broken Blossoms*
6. *Orphans of the Storm*
7. (*tied*) *Tol'able David*
   The Kid
   'Way Down East
8. *Passion*
9. *The Miracle Man*
10. *When Knighthood Was In Flower.*

The Second Ten

1. Blood and Sand; 2. Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde; 3. Smilin' Through; 4. (tied) The Prisoner of Zenda and The Girl I Loved; 5. The Merry-Go-Round; 6. Nanook of the North; 7. The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari; 8. The Three Musketeers; 9. (tied) Humoresque and If Winter Comes; 10.(tied) Hollywood, The Woman of Paris, Intolerance, Zaza, Shoulder Arms, Little Old New York.

Very close behind the first twenty were *The Christian, Foolish Wives, The Golem, Where the Pavement Ends* and *The Green Goddess.* In fact, but a few votes separated them from the last of the lucky twenty.

The Griffith Productions Honored

THE final vote presents some interesting food for thought. David Wark Griffith is the only director represented by more than two productions. Griffith has four screenplays in the first ten and one in the second. Rex Ingram, James Cruze, Allan Dwan and Charlie Chaplin each have one in the first and one in the second ten, and Fred Niblo has two in the second ten.

Stars played an amazingly small part in the voting. Only two stars are present in more than two of the first twenty selections. Both Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish were in three of the first ten and Miss Gish was in one of the second ten. Which would seem to augur well for the forthcoming Barthelmess-Gish production of *Romeo and Juliet.* Rudolph Valentino, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Marian Davies and Mae Marsh are represented in one of the first and one of the second ten selections.

Some Interesting Votes

IT is not too late to present some of the interesting final votes. Anna Prophater, well known to SCREENLAND readers for her crisp and clever articles, entered the following list of ten:

A Small Town Idol, A Rascal's Wolfish Ways, The Submarine Pirate, Salome and Shenandoah, Easy Street, Married Life (Not a War Picture), Yankee Doodle in Berlin, Where is My Wandering Boy This Evening, Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court and *The Shriek of Araby.* Which would indicate that Miss Prophater thinks well of comedy and particularly of Monsieur Ben Turpin.

Joseph McInerney, of 211 Bidwell Ave., Jersey City, N. J., entered an interesting vote, numbering *The Mender of Nets*, an early Pickford-Biograph; *Primitive Woman*, a Claire McDowell-Biograph; *The Wharf Rat*, a Mae Marsh-Bobbie Harron picture; *The Birth of a Nation, Ghosts of Yesterday; The World to Live In; Revelation; Passion; The Half Breed*, an early Doug Fairbanks-Triangle production, and *Humoresque.*

Charles Burriciartu, [*Continued on page 98*]

¶Watch for Upton Sinclair's sensational article in next month's issue of Screenland—
"Money and the Movies"
Out April 1st



The Optimistic Elinor

¶ *"I seldom read anything modern," says Elinor Glyn. "It takes me away from my beloved classics." And she believes that woman should keep herself mysterious and aloof. "It is only by doing so that romance can be preserved," she says.*

[Editor's Note: *With this issue,* Screenland *introduces Mr. Tully to its readers. Mr. Tully is the author of the sensational novel,* Emmett Lawler, *and is an ex-tramp and pugilist. And he is just thirty-three—with an outlook on life that will amaze you. Watch for his future contributions to* Screenland.]

ELINOR GLYN'S novel, *Three Weeks,* is the greatest and most soul-searching psychological description of love written in the last fifty years. This is the unanimous opinion of Elinor Glyn.

A man high in the film industry had told me that Mme. Glyn was a remarkable woman. Always interested in remarkable people, I met her.

She had but recently arrived in Los Angeles in order to co-operate in preparing *Three Weeks* for the screen.

Elinor Is Very, Very Busy

ELINOR is an English aristocrat. Observer of formalities, she can be met only by appointment. She is considered a very busy woman. It will cheer young men and women who despair of literature in America and England to know that Mme. Glyn is a great social favorite.

Mme. Glyn sat across from me, over-jeweled, but well dressed. Her hair, a non-descript auburn, was straight. She was, at one time, a handsome woman. And even now, a grandmother three times, she has a form to be envied by a Broadway cloak model. Her eyes are remarkable—not for their beauty, but for their weird expression and their sea-green color. They are the shade of evaporating marsh water suddenly exposed to the sun. Tense, emotional, flippant, and always swimming in affectation, all one has to do is to sit quietly and sail toy boats over the shallow water of her nature.

I lead off quickly, "What is your opinion of American literature, Mrs. Glyn?"

Seldom Reads Anything Modern

"Now, now, I don't know," she answered. "You see, I seldom read anything modern. It takes me away from my beloved classics. Oh, my dear classics," and she pressed her hands together and rubbed the many thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on them.

"But is there no outstanding figure?" I came back.

"Not since Jack London's death," was the reply. "Poor, dear Jack. He once wrote to me and said, 'My dear Elinor, I will trade you twelve of my autographed books for eight of yours. I consider you the greatest psychologist in Europe.'" This jolt dazed me, and I sparred for a moment. I always did feel that Jack London was a boob about women.

"But are there no modern American books at all that you care about?"

Elinor Considers Fitzgerald

"Well," she answered, "I read one not long ago. It was on a ship, and I was bored. It was by a person called Fitz—Fitzgerald, is it not?" I wondered whether she meant F. Scott, or Edward, when she said, "It was called 'The Beautiful and Damned,' I think, and oh, what a very dreadful picture it painted." I told her it was written by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

That was jolt number two—to think that F. Scott Fitzgerald, clever splasher of lavender in the pink tea of life, could shock her. "You see," she went on, "I am an optimist; I don't believe in pessimism at all. I believe there is a

¶*Tense, emotional, flippant, dominating--a strange figure of the literature of today.*

By Jim Tully



power that guides us." I suddenly thought of Bryant's "Waterfowl" going home late in the evening after a hard day at the docks.

I was getting nowhere, so I switched to English women writers. "You have one remarkable writer over in England, Mrs. Glyn. She has a Hardy-like grasp on life. Her name is Sheila-Kaye-Smith."

She shook her head slowly. "I have never heard of her," she said.

Never Heard of Mr. Mencken

"Do you care for Mr. Mencken?" I asked.



¶*Elinor Glyn admits that she is the author of the greatest treatise on love in the last fifty years and the most profound and searching study of Russia since the revolution. At the left, Mrs. Glyn on the studio side-lines during the making of* Three Weeks.

"Many of us consider him brilliant in this country — an iconoclast."

"No, no, I would know nothing of him. You see, I do not believe in that."

I returned with Theodore Dreiser. She was getting ready to answer with a blank expression on her face, when a knock came on the door. When she returned to her seat, I left Theodore standing with Sister Carrie and hurried to Russia.

"What is your opinion of Russia, Mrs. Glyn? You have written of that country."

"Yes, yes," she half whispered the sacred news and rubbed the palms of her hands over her many diamonds, while her sea-green eyes narrowed, "I have written the most profound and searching study yet to come out of Russia since the revolution." This was amazing. At last we were in the center of the ring. I was jubilant.

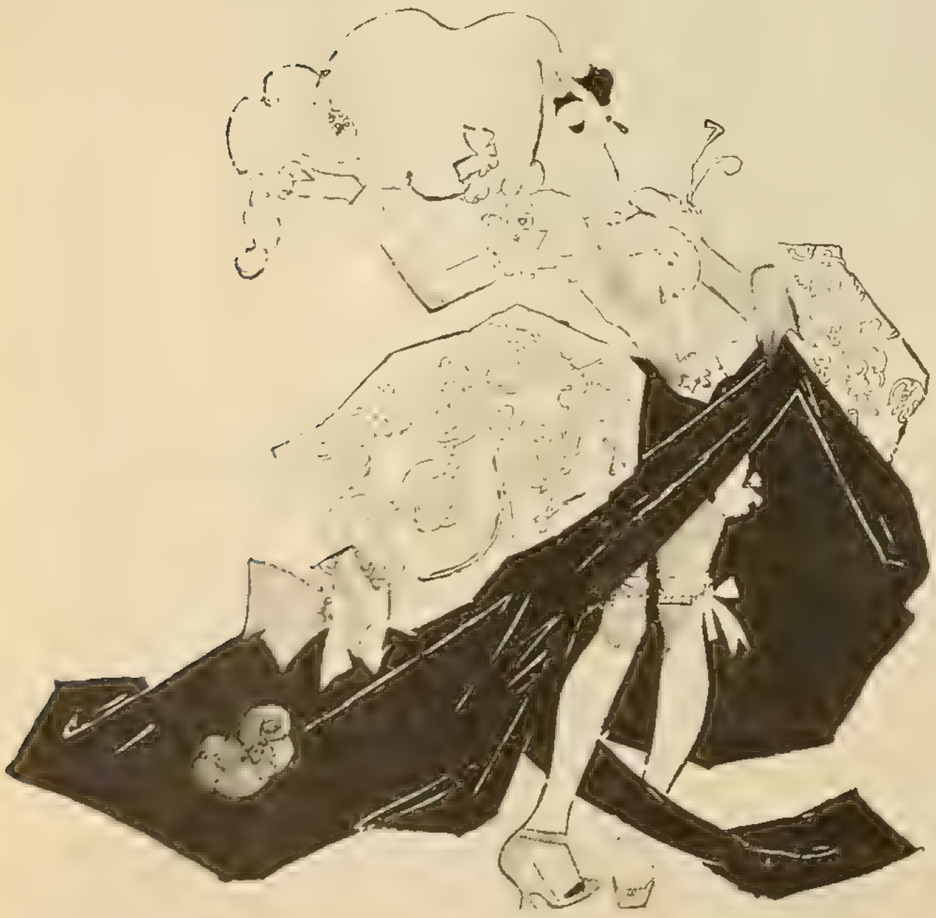
"Do you not think Lenin is a great man?" I asked.

Poor, Mad, Foolish Lenin

"Ho-ho-ho-ho," she laughed, and moved her head from side to side. "Poor, mad, foolish, [*Continued on page* 102]



¶Phyllis invades the medieval screen drama. "The cigarette doesn't quite belong," she admits, "but what of it?"



¶The time of the Louis but Phyllis comes a cropper with the powdered wig.



¶But with a yard of cheesecloth and some crepe paper flowers, Phyllis is able to flit hither and yon through many feet of soft focus.

Phyllis *Tries the* Costume Drama

By

John Held, Jr.



¶Then there is always the situation where the star goes in for boy's "disguise."

¶But the Civil War period! No super-drama of this period is complete without a hoop-skirt. Here you may observe Phyllis preparing for any emergency.



Their Characters As I Read THEM

As told to Delight Evans



¶ *This young man has one of the most interesting chins it has ever been my privilege to encounter, in one way or another.*

THERE have been various character readings of the foremost figures of the screen world; but it remains for Professor Twitch, probably the most misleading authority writing upon such subjects today, to disclose all. His revelations may shock and startle; but if you are after the Truth, and we think you are, don't fail to follow this analysis no matter how much it hurts.

Charles X. Hey, Portrayer of Rustic-boy Roles

THIS young man has one of the most interesting chins it has ever been my privilege to encounter, in one way or another. It recedes gently until it practically disappears into his collar when he wears one. But do not be mislead by this. It really *is* a chin. And to this chin Mr. Hey may, if he cares to, attribute whatever success he thinks he has achieved in the bucolic drama. There is, in the lines of this chin, a sturdiness, a steadfastness of purpose which is all too rarely met with among the actors of the screen. The bulging brow of Mr. Hey almost, if not quite, equals the well-nigh gorilla-like determination apparent in the lower portion of his countenance—I can't call it a face. That is why, when I had analyzed Mr. Hey's character, so-called, I wrote to him to tell him he was not pursuing the proper line of work. Directors have always given him parts to play such as clean-cut young farmers, etc. At a glance I could see that he is not fitted for that sort of thing. He should play pirates, pugilists and apaches, if anything. In return I received the nicest letter from his secretary thanking me for my interest in his work and enclosing a photograph of him as *Josh Hawkins, Jr.*, in *"Down on the Farm."*

Jasmin Jones, of the Spritely Comedies

IN this case, I shall consider the subject by and large, if you don't mind, and I don't think you will. In fact, I am compelled to, as Miss Jones' face is little known among motion picture audiences. While I do not always make a point of seeing my subjects personally, often-times being able to garner all the necessary facts merely from looking intently at a good likeness, it was not possible with Miss Jones, inasmuch as all of her photographs more or less resemble hosiery advertisements. So I went to see the sylph. She was standing on the beach and waved to me. "Hello, old bean," she cried a bit hoarsely. "We're retaking this scene but I'll be through in a sec. Stand back or you'll get shot."

¶ *In this case, I shall consider the subject by and large, if you don't mind, and I don't think you will.*



I retired somewhat hastily and stood beneath a beach umbrella. Soon I heard her shout, "Where's the old owl? What's the big idea keeping us waiting?"

I found myself staring, for the first time,

By Professor Oleander P. Twitch

Head of the Piscatorial Department
University of Sponge, Iowa

Illustrations by Wynn

into the face of Jasmin Jones. Her most prominent feature, as one could tell at a glance, was her nose—large, shining, and red—the latter, no doubt, from the brisk breeze. It betokened, that nose, good spirits; an open and generous nature—impulsive, perhaps, but honest and wholesome. From the contours of her face, I ascertained that Miss Jones is sweet and simple—too much so for her own good; that she is, in real life, innocence and purity personified. She told me herself, in her gutteral voice, how she lives all alone with her mother in a little bungalow in Beverly Hills; how she takes care of all her sister's children, ten police dogs, and does all the work of the house with her own hands. She drives her own cars, having been well coached by her late father, who drove the biggest truck in Staten Island. When I looked at her small, deep-set eyes, close together, her low-hung forehead, her splendid nose, I read there that she is good and kind, and certainly simple. If one eye is a trifle crossed, it is doubtless the result of playing opposite Ben Turpin so much, and only shows Miss Jones' devotion to her art.

Eustace H. Zilch, a Real, Manly Man, Hero of the Crimson Corpulscle *Drama*

HERE is one of the most famous faces in all the world, and one of the most subtle. I cannot recollect having studied a face so filled with possibilities, and I am not saying what kind. Here, my friends, are all the ear-marks of the philosopher and the student. Mr. Zilch might, indeed, have posed for that celebrated statue entitled, The Drinker—I mean Thinker. There is magnetism in that face; there is a love of nature in its finer forms. There is, in fact, everything except character.



¶ *I cannot recollect having studied a face so filled with possibilities, and I am not saying what kind. There is a love of nature in its finer forms.*

But why quibble about it? This is a great man. He is practically unspoiled. One can read that in his half-closed eyes and his habitually half-open mouth. Mr. Zilch is a lover of the great out-doors except that it makes him sleepy; so when not actually engaged before the camera he sits in the sun and dozes. It was while he was dozing that I was able to make my analysis of him. That profile will remain forever graven upon my memory. Since then I have often awakened in the middle of the night, moaning. I had been dreaming about that profile. I can't forget it; it will haunt me always. Especially the ear. It is a curious ear of the type known as cauliflower. You come across it only in men who have suffered; men who have fought for a cause because they believed it to be the right one. This Zilch will astonish the world one day. He has not yet realized his potentialities. Some time, when he really makes up his mind to it and can stay awake long enough, he is going out to find that Muggsy Muldoon and clean up on him.

From a close-up of the far-famed features of La Murgatroyd I deduced the one reason [*Continued on page 97*]

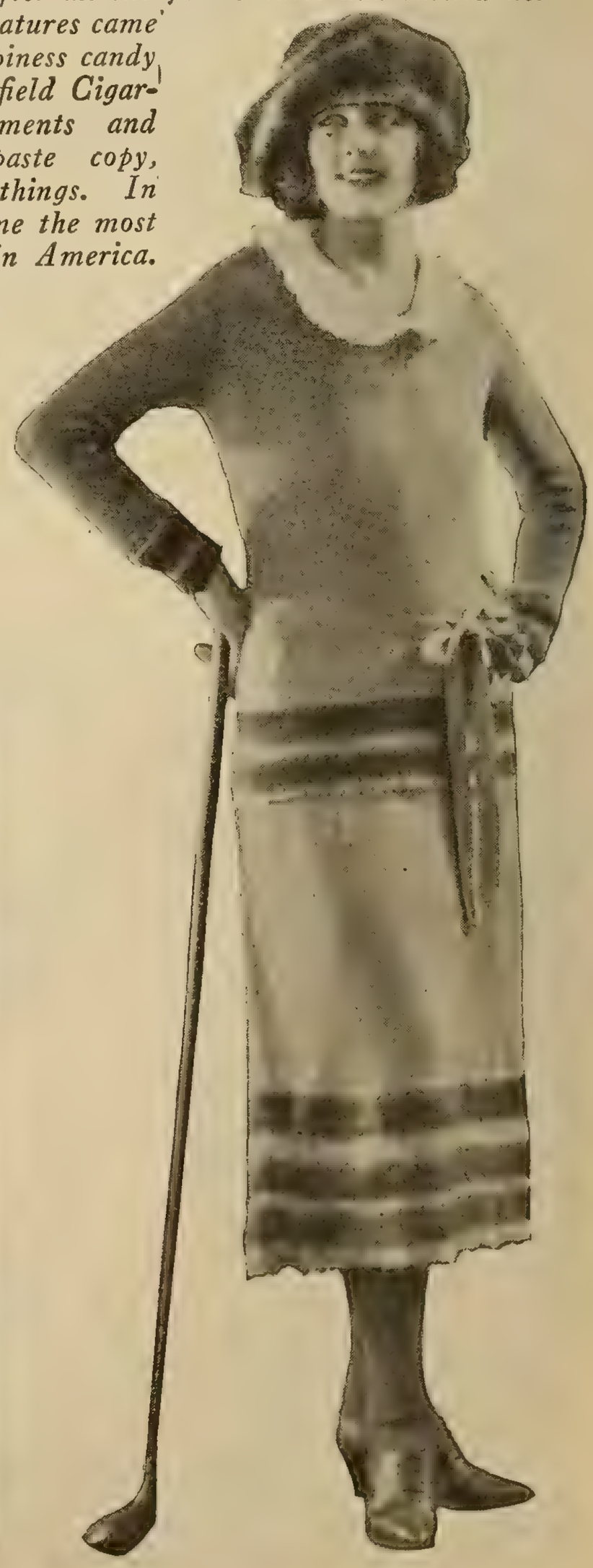


¶ *"You are just a real, good, womanly woman," I said. "It's only three flights down!" was her reply.*



Most Photographed GIRL *in the WORLD*

¶*The screen has captured the most photographed girl in the world, no other than Jean Tolly. The daughter of a Tennessee minister, Miss Tolly turned to advertising posing after all the film studios had turned her down. Her features came to adorn Happiness candy boxes, Chesterfield Cigarette advertisements and Pepsin toothpaste copy, among other things. In time she became the most pictured girl in America.*



¶*Now the film gates are open to Miss Tolly. She makes her debut in the Ralph Ince-J. E. Williamson undersea picture,* The Uninvited Guest. *Aside from beauty, Miss Tolly has other celluloid qualifications. She is adept at every sport, from swimming to tennis.*



Making Pictures *In France*

By Bettina Bedwell



¶ *Raquel Meller, the Spanish favorite, and Andre Roanne, the French actor, in the French-made film,* Violettes.

THERE seems to be a consensus amongst the critical intelligensia of America that the films "ain't as good as they used to be." But when these super-critics bring into comparison the film product of Europe as a superior artistic achievement, they are advertising the fact that they never lived in Paris and witnessed the nightly movie rehash of the worst in American film output coupled with inferior sets, lighting and movie-illusion devices generally.

Slim Pocketbooks of French Producers

THE average European moving picture production has the faults of the American, plus a slim pocketbook, the answer to which you can set down for yourselves. This plus feature eliminates, naturally, one of the worst of modern American film faults—the big-set, big-scene-dollar glitter. It accentuates the other faults, a bad story, artificial atmosphere and over acting of the old emotional school.

In France, the movies of which country I am going to write about, there is still the mistaken notion that all actors of the stage make good motion picture actors. Generally they do not, and French productions suffer by this illusion.

However, just to show that you can prove anything, I shall speak of the best motion picture films produced the past year, and shall mention casts drawn from the traditional sources of the Parisian stage—the Comedie Francaise, the Odeon, and the Palais Music Hall. These films were all produced by younger directors, of a new school in France, who are attempting to cure the sickness of the films.



¶ *The late Sarah Bernhardt in her last screenplay,* The Clairvoyant, *which was in course of filming when her death occurred.* The Clairvoyant *will be released in America this fall.*

Some Prominent French Films

The Wheel, which is a story of railroad life in France, starred Severin Mars, the veteran of the Comedie Francaise and a genius of the screen, sup-



¶ *Another scene from* Violettes, *with Raquel Meller in the leading role, bidding farewell to the children.*

ported by Ivy Close, imported from London for the role. This picture reveals a story containing a sentimental melodramatic plot, with a psycho-analytic analysis of its chief character, who finds himself in love with his foster daughter, plighted to his son.

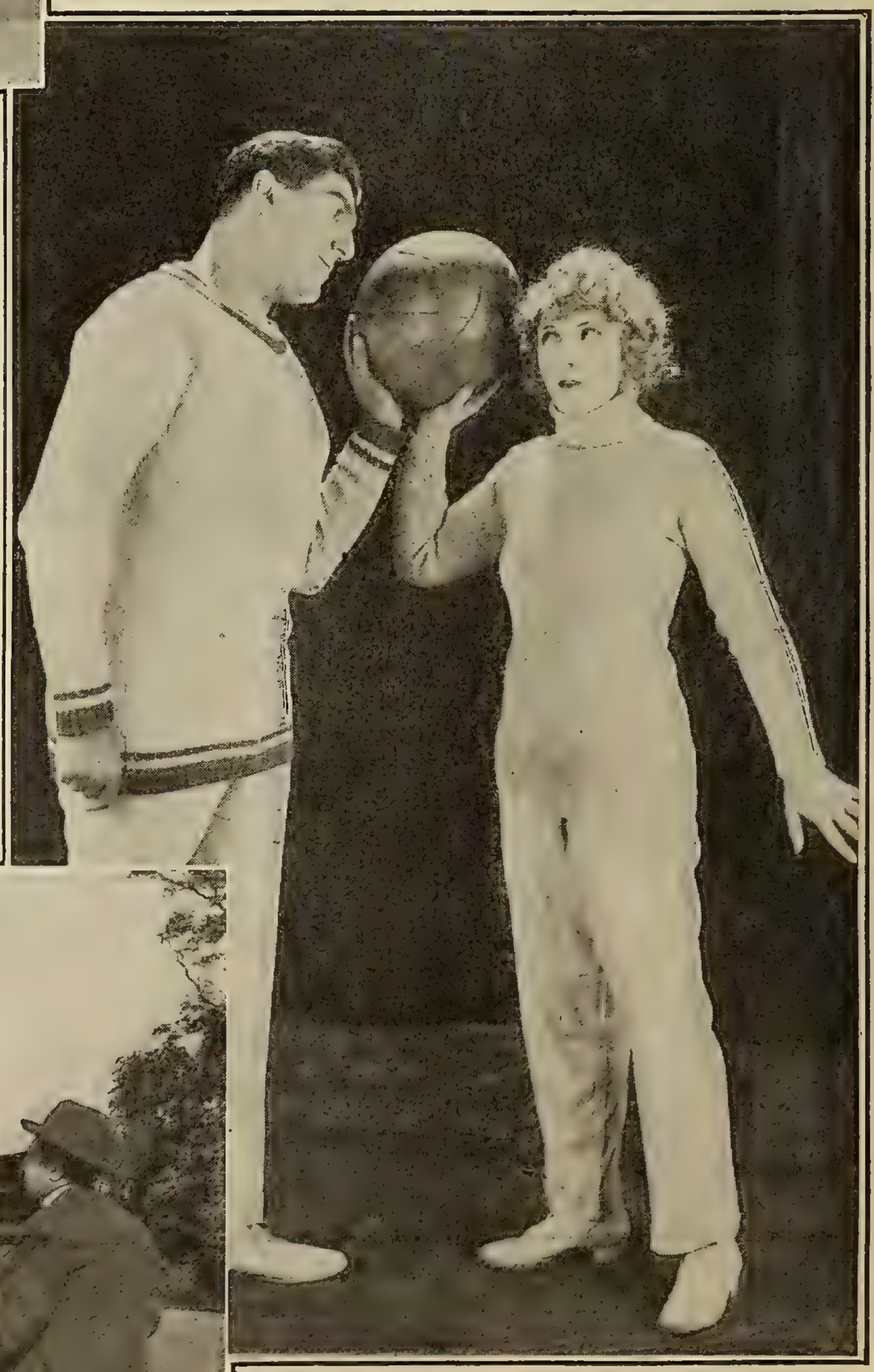
Severin Mars as the father, an old railroad engineer, and Abel Gance, the producer, give the picture a power far beyond the merits of the story. It contributes nothing particularly new to the screen, but the straightforward telling of the tale, and the superb acting make it an event in French film production.

In *Violettes,* produced by Henry Roussell, little Raquel Meller, the Spanish girl from Barcelona, who captured the fancy of Paris theatre goers, is starred. M. Roussell used a story of the Griffith variety of homely appeal, contrasted with the artificiality of Paris fashionable life to display his star. Andre Roanne, a French "great lover" type, supported the star. The picture is magnificently presented, without the glitter of expensive sets, which Henry Roussell achieved by means of expert lighting, artistic sets and clever costuming. Raquel Meller is one of the few who gets her stage appeal over on the screen, it seems to me.

Sarah Bernhardt's Last Work

"*The Clairvoyant,* Sarah Bernhardt's final picture which she was filming at the time of her death, is the achievement of an American producer, Leon Abrams. This picture tells a simple story in an effective manner without any blare or bunkum, and it does the extraordinary feat of presenting Sarah Bernhardt as an old woman without stripping her of the appeal her stage genius made for so many decades.

There is a power to the portrayal of that paralytic old fortune teller which gives the Divine One a final grip on our imagination and emotions. The sets are realistic and have a powerful simplicity, which the director has made the keynote to his story. With an appealing aggregation of stage and movie personages, he has produced acting [*Continued on page* 94]





¶ *Pearl White, American serial idol, has been busily engaged in making a picture,* Terror, *in Paris. Above and at the left are glimpses of the film in the making.*

Our Own Fashion Forecast



¶Fashion authorities say that this Viennese tricorne, distinctly of the Springtime, will complete a wonderfully chic ensemble for afternoon wear in town.

¶Checks will be very popular during the early Summer.





¶For yachting the conventional blue serge and white flannels, topped by a racy sailor hat, will again be in vogue.

¶They say that nothing will be more essential to the wardrobe of a screen beauty this Summer than two yards of anti-censorship silk worn somewhat as a sash.



E. McNERNEY

New SCREENPLAYS

By Frederick James Smith

THE first celluloid biography is here!

The films have invaded every field, from poetry to essays, but *Abraham Lincoln* is the first genuine life story to be enmeshed in celluloid as unadulterated biography.

I am glad that the last screenplay I review for SCREENLAND—as we are about to go to press—is *Abraham Lincoln.* For here is a worthy thing, in many ways the most significant silver screen effort since *The Covered Wagon.*

Best Film Since Covered Wagon

ABRAHAM LINCOLN came into New York unheralded. It was the first ambitious production of two young brothers—Al and Ray Rockett, who hitherto had produced minor film melodramas. The work had progressed slowly and quietly in California. *Abraham Lincoln* seemed just another film.

Abraham Lincoln has that rare screen quality—unalloyed sincerity. It is remotely of the same naturalistic school as *Nanook of the North, Down to the Sea in Ships* and *The Covered Wagon.* Don't let the fact that I term *Abraham Lincoln* a biography keep you from seeing it.

It is the most compelling stretch of celluloid I have looked upon in months. It is vital. It is real. It traces Abraham Lincoln from his birth in the midst of a Kentucky blizzard to his death just as the Civil War had ended—and does it with unfaltering force.

Through all this moves this singular man of the people—gangling, awkward and homely; yet possessing that supreme quality that makes him of the ages, humility. Laughed at, harried and heckled, he led his people to the goal he felt was best—and died for his pains. *Abraham Lincoln* isn't all tragedy—and yet all the way through the tear is always close to the surface. I defy you to see it without being touched. I suspect there is no more poignant scene on our screen today than that moment when Lincoln bids farewell to his beloved people of Springfield from the rear platform of his train as he starts forward to Washington—to triumph and to death.



¶ Gloria Swanson's Toinette *in* The Humming Bird *is twice as unrestrained as her Zaza.*

¶ *The Month's Best Screenplays*

¶ *Abraham Lincoln*

¶ *The Great White Way*

By one of those odd twists of fate, a young man came to the Rockett studio as work on *Abraham Lincoln* was about to be started. He was George A. Billings, an ex-cowboy who had been told he looked like Lincoln. He has never acted before—but the Rocketts took the long chance of resting the tremendous role upon his shoulders. Guarded as I am with my superlatives, I feel that Billings' Lincoln can only be described as inspired. It *is* Lincoln—both in physical fidelity and in spirit.

Abraham Lincoln has certain directorial faults but it has that great production merit—sympathy. Philip Rosen, the director, has handled his story everywhere with understanding and tenderness. Frances Marion made a well nigh perfectly knit biograph and Harry Carr, associated in the making, deserves his laurel wreath too.

You must see *Abraham Lincoln!*

Miles Standish *Merely Dull*

ON the other hand, let us consider Charlie Ray's latest movie effort, *The Courtship of Miles Standish,* built into celluloid from the Henry Wadsworth Longfellow poem. Mr. Ray has declared frankly that this is one of the three epics of American history, the other two being *The Birth of a Nation* and *The Covered Wagon.* Personally, I have considerable doubt regarding the accuracy of Mr. Ray's judgment. Indeed, the result seems to me to be pretty dull.

The ill-fated courtship of Standish and the romance of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins are among the accepted traditions of our history. Mr. Ray has said that the picture was made with the utmost fidelity to historical fact. Indeed, Mr. Ray said—in a curtain speech—on the night I observed the epic that they had even gone as far as to read forty-two volumes in their entirety in quest of facts. They were not permitted to take some of these volumes from the library, he went on regretfully—but his staff studied them conscientiously anyway.

Too Much of Mr. Ray

POSSIBLY, if the staff had been able to take these volumes home the result might have been different. Who can tell?

in REVIEW

Illustrated by Covarrubias



¶ Corinne Griffith's *work in* Black Oxen *will establish her among first half dozen favorites.*

The picture is divided into two parts, one concerned with the trip across the Atlantic of the Mayflower and the other dealing with the subsequent trials and tribulations of the adventurers at Plymouth. The action develops from a piratical uprising of the crew and, later, from the frequent attacks by Indians, much of which is shown on the screen in a series of close-ups of Mr. Ray.

I could never quite place John Alden as Mr. Ray costumes and presents him. John is a soıt of unbeliever who comes to the right way of thinking—and yet he wears the costume of a straightlaced Puritan. As for the other historical facts herein garnered from the forty-two volumes, you can accept them or not, as you will. Personally, I am always able to take 'em or leave 'em alone.

I'm doubtful about a lot of them, as for instance the pneumonia undress of the redskins in the midst of a harsh New England winter—but, then, I'm a confirmed skeptic.

The acting is not much. Ray seems oppressed by the historical significance of John, and he allots himself entirely too much film. Enid Bennett makes Priscilla a simpering and almost insufferable movie ingenue. Alyn Warren's Standish is swallowed up in Ray's close-ups. The storm scenes, in which the Mayflower is tossed about Mr. Ray's studio tank regardless, are vivid enough, the best thing in the film, despite some shots of a palpable miniature vessel, but I for one, would have preferred to have seen Mr. Ray's epic filmed on the Massachusetts coast. Come to think of it, epic pictures never seem to materialize when a producer starts out to dash one off. They sneak up unexpectedly and come from hard labor and at least a measure of inspiration.

Here's a Zippy Melodrama

SPEAKING of historical films, I prefer *The Great White Way*, H. C. Witwer's romance of the life and times of Flo Ziegfeld. Witwer's tale revolves between the prize ring and the theatre, and is redolent of Broadway. The hero is a dashing pug, the heroine a dancing darling of the footlights. Through the adventure move press agents, reporters, editors, chorus girls, pugilists and all the by-products of life on New York's Main Street. William Randolph Hearst, being the producer, has taken the camera into the plant of his New York American and shown the making of a big newspaper, as well as many of the notables who assist in its creation. These glimpses, including the famous comic creators of your comic supplement idols from Spark Plug to Abie the Agent, have decided interest.

Actually, *The Great White Way* is just a Drury Lane melodrama transplanted to Manhattan. Here you will find dishonest jockeys, doped prize fighters, a fire rescue and all the other requisites of melodrama at high pressure. Yet *The Great White Way* has high interest and a curious breeziness. This last comes of Witwer's slangy and highly amusing titles. The unusual interest seems to me to come from the fact that *The Great White Way* is the first picture to catch the glittery—and sham—sophistication of Broadway. It has the spirit of New York—with the hum of the newspaper presses, the rush of life in the roaring '40's at theatre hour, the pungent smoke laden atmosphere of a prize fight and the strange incandescent lure of its night life. I stand ready to predict that *The Great White Way* will more than hold your interest.

Oddly, the cast of the opus is subordinate to its success. Anita Stewart is adequate as the musical comedy favorite, Oscar Shaw is excellent as the glorified pugilist and T. Roy Barnes is amusing as the press agent whose publicity plot brings tribulations along with happiness to the lovers. This Shaw in particular is a fresh personality to the films. You will see more of him. And yet the acting is a mere detail. *The Great White Way* has enmeshed a city's restless spirit.

¶*The Month's Best Performances*

¶*George A. Billings in Abraham Lincoln*

¶ *Corinne Griffith in Black Oxen*

Why Not Flaming Grandmothers?

ANOTHER screenplay sure to interest you is *Black Oxen*, adapted with considerable fidelity from Gertrude Atherton's novel. I doubt if a more absorbing topic could have been selected, for *Black Oxen* concerns modern science's fight against old age—and more specifically deals with recent gland discoveries to combat senility. The heroine, Madame Zatianny, a beauty of thirty years ago, finds a renewed youth in the hands of a European surgeon—and returns to New York to re-dazzle society with her new beauty. And then she falls in love. Can this woman, with her maturity of mind, find happiness in this new love, despite her restored physical youth? That is the tale of *Black Oxen*, who by the way are symbolical of the remorseless, steadily plodding years.

The producers stuck to the title when they might well have taken a leaf from other popular pictures of the year and selected something like *Flaming Grandmothers!* For this, much thanks!

Some directorial shifts have been made in the story, as, for instance, having the countess acquire her new youth as a patriotic duty that she may dedicate herself to new work for stricken Europe. Miss Atherton has the countess go after

beauty from purely human motives. Still, the film version is adequate in its telling and pretty satisfactory in its direction. There are some scenes, as those of the Metropolitan Opera House, which fall down but, on the whole, *Black Oxen* has real merit.

Not a little of this merit comes from Corinne Griffith's performance of the Countess Zatianny. For years I have been predicting great things for this orchidarious star but, of late, I had begun to wonder if I had been dazzled rather than discerning. But her Zatianny makes me believe again. Her performance is finely attuned to catch the renewed beauty of the belle of yesterday. Without question it is a striking portrayal—one that will establish Miss Griffith among the first half dozen feminine film favorites.

Conway Tearle is pictorial as the newspaper-columnist who falls in love with the countess but there is more of the actor than of reality about his work. Still it will suffice according to our accepted movie standards. Another surprise of *Black Oxen* is a little flapper, Clara Bow, who first did a bit in *Down to the Sea in Ships*. This Miss Bow, a sort of untamed and cutiefied Dot Gish, has a boysterous freshness. She will surprise you again, or I miss my guess.

Wild Oranges *Has Color*

I STILL look upon King Vidor as one of our best directors—and his visualization of Joseph Hergesheimer's *Wild Oranges* is a melodrama done with color and intelligence.

Hergesheimer wrote a picturesque novel in *Wild Oranges*, of a girl and her nerve-wracked father living in a lonely old house in the wilds of the Florida coast, with only a half wit as a servant. This idiot is more than a servant, for he is a homicidal maniac with a mad desire for the girl. Into this maze of events drifts a wealthy young chap in his yacht. The result is a curiously, absorbing thriller.

Vidor has caught all the atmosphere and made an excellent screenplay. I call particular attention to the maniac, a half pathetic, half sinister hulk of a man. This new figure to the gallery of celluloid people is admirably played by Charles Post.

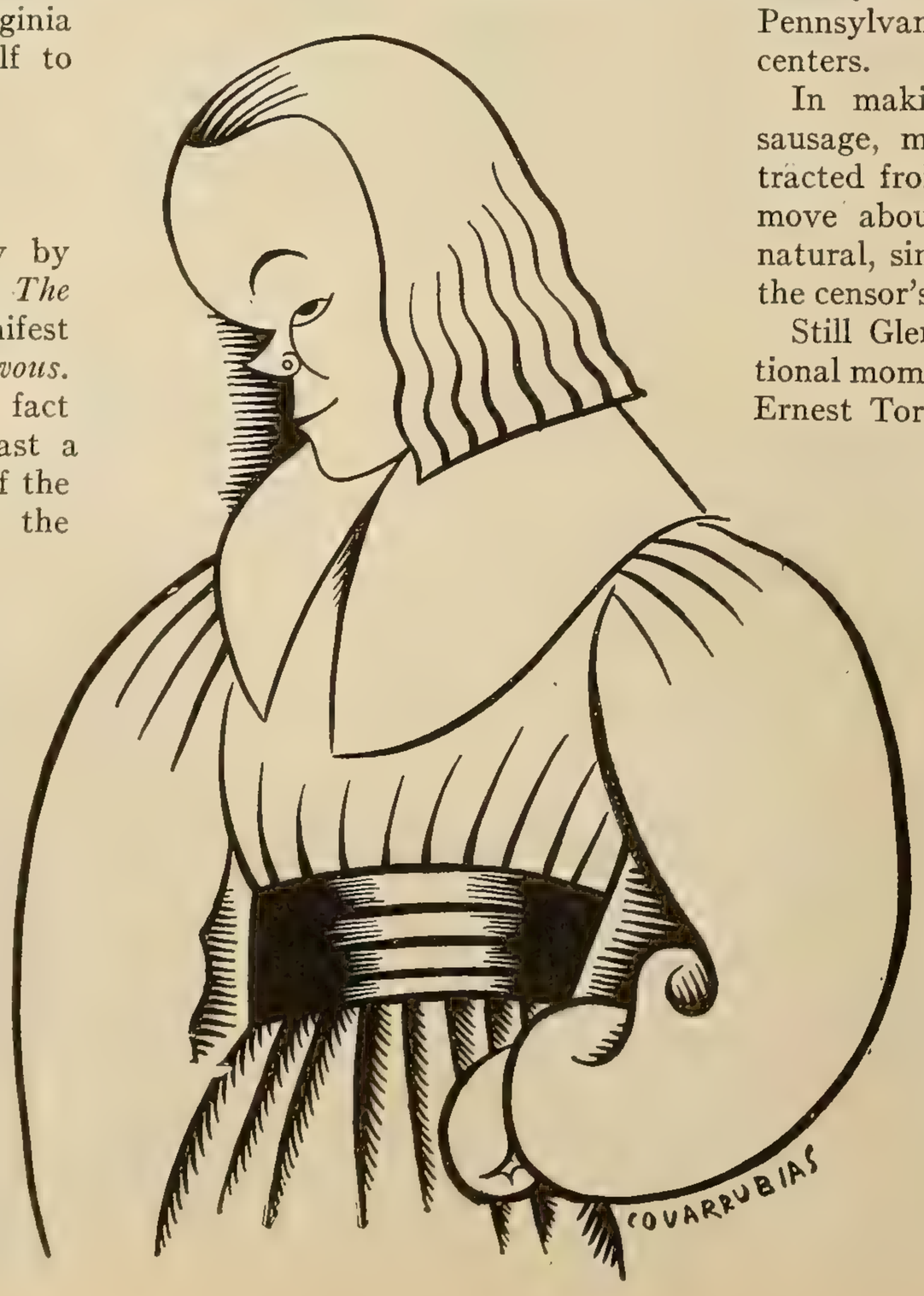
The girl is adequately done by Virginia Valli but I can not reconcile myself to Frank Mayo as the hero.

Second-Hand Russian Stuff

I WAS disappointed in every way by Marshall Neilan's much heralded *The Rendezvous*. There are several manifest reasons for the failure of *The Rendezvous*. Principally, the weakness lies in the fact that Neilan is handicapped by at least a second-hand idea of the late empire of the Czar Nicholas. Secondly, because the story is developed from a plot trick, rather than from a basic idea. This trick lies in the way the little heroine, whose eardrums have been broken by a renegade brute, unknowingly locks the scoundrel in a lonely tomb. His cries are unheard—and he is left to die slowly and wretchedly.

Neilan sees Russia as a vast stretch of snow swept land peopled by very good Russians, who are former members of the nobility, very bad Russians, who are bandits and reds, a lot of American soldiers led by Conrad Nagel and one British comedy private strongly resembling Ol' Bill of *The Better 'Ole* and played by Syd Chaplin. Moreover, his Siberia is alongside a seaport where soldiers embark and disembark, all of which confuses me as to its exact location.

Still, if Neilan had told a story well, I would forgive all this. The story isn't much, the love of Monsieur Nagel for a little daughter of an ex-nobleman, but even that is swallowed up in over-artistic photography. At the end of the sixth reel, I hardly knew how any of the characters really looked, what with arty shadows and vague long shots. As you may gather, *The Rendezvous* left me cold. Except for one item, the playing of little Lucille Ricksen as the girl. Here is another young actress with real possibilities. As for Nagel, he is his usual saccharine self.



¶ Charlie Ray *allows himself entirely too much film in* Miles Standish.

Through the Movie Hopper

HOMER CROY has expressed himself as pleased with the film version of his *West of the Water Tower* but somehow I think that Mr. Croy was prejudiced by the check for $25,000 he received for the movie rights. I know that such a check might well upset my perspective.

This story of a middle western town—with its narrow moral prejudices and its Rotary Club outlook, such as it is in inland America—has been passed through the cinema mill. It has come out a regular movie. Mr. Croy originally had a story of some reality—i. e., a boy, oppressed by a bigoted father, a minister, comes to love the daughter of the town atheist. The so-called moral code is broken and the boy brings the structure of his life toppling about his ears.

But the Gods of the Cinema, goaded by the censors, say that our movie characters can not sin. Thus the boy and girl who gave way before their adolescent passions are made to believe that they are married. But the keeper of the local pool parlor who arranged the ceremony later tells them that the thing is a fake. Thus the town turns upon them as per schedule and yet the censors are satisfied. Later the marriage turns out to have been according to Hoyle, the pool promoter having lied for some unexplained reason, and all is well in Pennsylvania, Ohio and other censor centers.

In making the story into celluloid sausage, most of the life has been extracted from the characters. They now move about rather aimlessly, which is natural, since they all have an eye upon the censor's scissors.

Still Glenn Hunter has excellent emotional moments as the distraught boy and Ernest Torrence has brief flashes as the ministerial father. But May McAvoy seems to me to be wholly ineffective as the girl. Throughout the whole stretch of film, she does not disclose one glimpse of reality.

Gloria too Exuberant

CURIOUSLY, the New York critics, who frowned upon Gloria Swanson's exuberant *Zaza*, have given its successor, *The Humming Bird*, their stamp of approval. Yet her Toinette in this opus is about twice as unrestrained. All of which shows you never can tell.

The Humming Bird was a stage play by Maude Fulton.

[*Continued on page 95*]

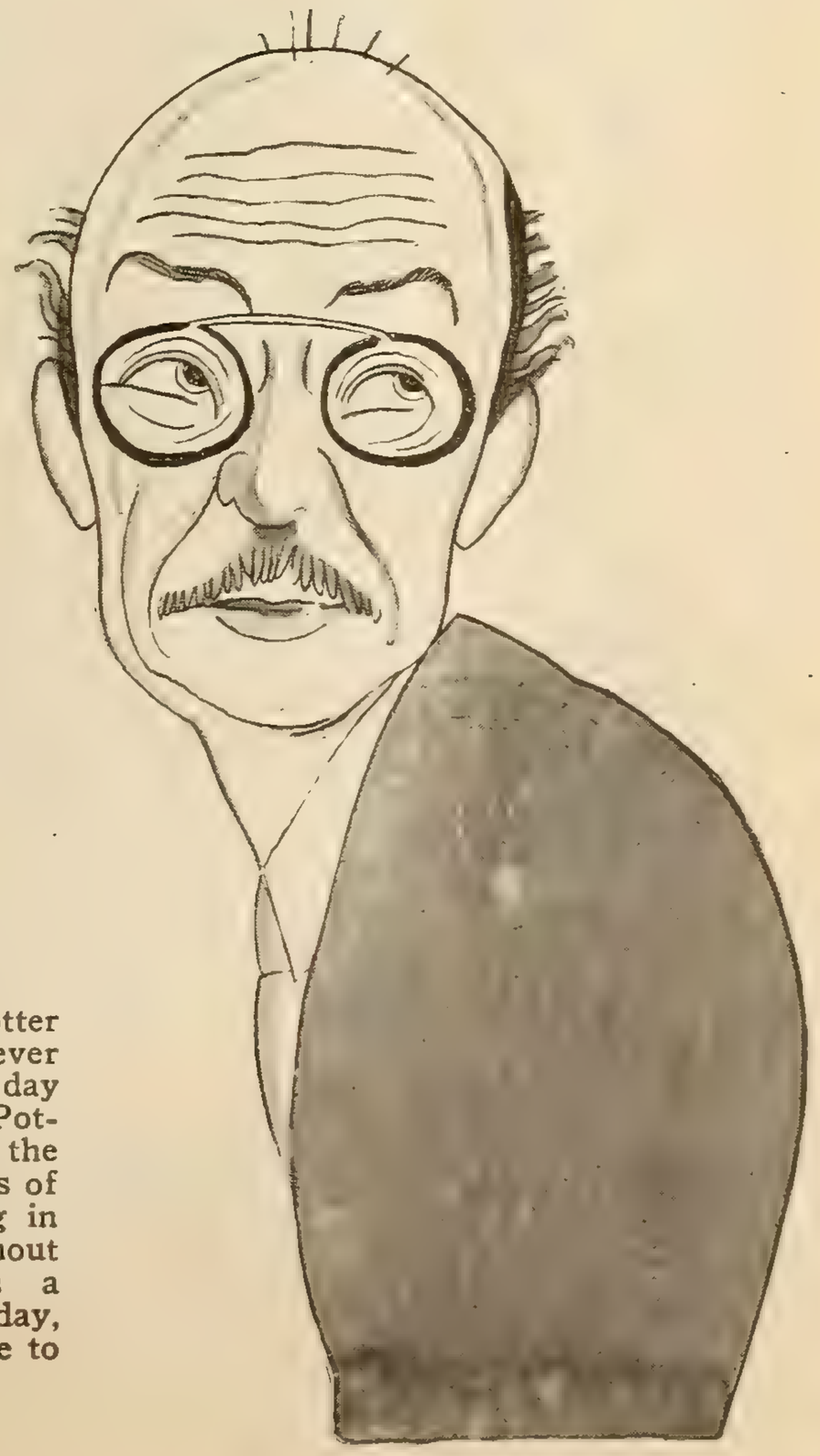
Wynn Goes to the Theatre



¶ Lucile La Verne has been giving one of the outstanding performances of the footlight season as the Widow Cagle in Lulu Vollmer's picturesque and interesting drama of the Carolina Mountains, "Sun Up." Here is a grim, relentless and vital performance in a play distinctly un-of-the-theatre.



¶ Walter Hampden as the homely roystering hero of Edmond Rostand's heroic comedy, "Cyrano de Bergerac." The critics have acclaimed Mr. Hampden's Cyrano as possessing charm, poetry and intelligence—and most of them have rated it one of the big things of our theatre.



¶ Donald Meek as Pa Potter in J. P. McEvoy's clever comedy of every-day American life, "The Potters," based upon the widely syndicated series of short stories appearing in newspapers throughout America. Here is a vibrant thing of today, amusing, real and close to our own lives.

¶Barry Vannon — *who knows his Hollywood because he lives it—here tells his first, the story of*

The PERFECT

YOU need not ask if these stories are true, for I cannot tell. I believed they were when my friend, Jim Wellworn, told them to me, for he was a graceful and convincing teller of tales, a character actor of ability, and as full of drama as any of the busy movie lots on which he strutted.

All his life he had ambitions to write, but he could never do more than scribble his name on the back of a check—and that not often—or drop a postal to a friend which said, "Having a fine time; wish you were here."

I'll try to tell you his stories, as he wished me to, but I cannot duplicate his delightful manner nor his convincing expressions. I tell them for what they are worth, making no claims to truth—for my dear old friend had learned to smoke opium in his latter days, and the fumes of the drug may have been his inspiration.

I will tell you first the story he called "The Perfect Type," for it was one of his favorites, and the first he retailed to me. There will be a number of others, stories of stars and starlets, some of them tragic, some of them humorous, some of them strange and weird.

Poor Jim, I'm having a fine time putting your stuff in print; wish you were here.

STAY out of the movies, lad—said my friend Jim Wellworn—there's nothing there but heart-break and envy and woe, unless you're one of them meant to twist your face to the director's whims, and your heart to the whims of fate.

There must be ten thousand young boys and girls come every month to Hollywood, bound to be moving picture stars. They come from the stores and factories, the bookbinderies and the offices all over the country.

They come with little money and no talent at all, poor creatures, and they fight and hunger and sicken their souls. I knew a little girl once—but that isn't the story I had in mind.

It is about Gus Ehrlich and his wife, and his three little girls, and Dan Tremaine, who was one of the greatest heavies on the screen.

You may have heard of Dan through his axiom, "A man is known by the women he keeps."

Aye, he was known by his women, if ever any man was; and there were few here had any use for him. He rasped your senses You felt an instinctive dislike even before he was introduced. Something about his hard blue eyes, maybe, or his lantern jaw, or his great pot of a nose. And yet there was something about him—perhaps his egotism and his ruthlessness—that compelled a sneaking admiration. He was the perfect type of movie villain, even without his makeup. And once the heroine got into his clutches, there was drama.

"My discard is larger than your draw," he used to boast to other ladies' men.

"But your discrimination might be criticized," Hill Hinges once said to him. "And there are no game laws—for you."

Mostly his conquests were extras, girls who thought he could make them stars. Poor little things!

I was present when one of them called him a buzzard.

"A man may be known by the women he keeps," she added, "but a gentleman is known by the silence he keeps about his women."

"There's a good reason why you would have me silent, eh, Billiken?" he said, and there was a rumble laughing in his chest.

The girl let her lower lip tremble, and hurried out of the room. Tremaine threw himself back on the couch, well satisfied, and gathered a blonde into his arms, and mussed her hair.

This Ehrlich now, was just the opposite of Dan. A big, serious, awkward sort of chap whose life was wrapped up in his family. He came to Hollywood because he heard that stage carpenters make big wages, and he had been a carpenter for thirty years.

He came in a Ford roadster, bought a lot, put up his tent and built a little garage for the car. Later he built his own bungalow, and it was one of the prettiest you could imagine.

Gus Ehrlich was the happiest man in Hollywood. His wife was content, and the kids used to play around the house all day, fat and healthy and full of fun.

"Like coming to paradise," Gus used to say. "I wake up and see the mountains from my window; and honest they're so pretty I can't believe it. I drive down to the lot in the old car, work a few hours, get better pay than I ever made in my life, and everybody here is nice to us.

¶This is the first of a series of unusual short stories of motion picture studio life. Mr. Vannon will be represented in future issues of Screenland.

Next month, for instance, he will present an unusual bit of fiction---of a decidedly humorous twist. *Watch for it!*

TYPE

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

"When I get home in the evening the wife has the supper on the table, vegetables from our own garden; I tell you, it's living!

"Sometimes we go out and see a show. Other times we just pile into the car and go through the pretty streets, and up the mountain roads."

And then George Howland saw Gus, and called him "a perfect type." He wanted him as a blacksmith in a Western he was making. He fairly raved over the man.

"Might have looked all over the country," he said, "and not found such a specimen. Look at the fellow's forearms."

He half closed his eyes—which was a way he had—and saw how Gus would look standing at a forge, with the leather apron around him, beating a sword with a hammer.

What Howland said usually went, and so Gus Ehrlich became an actor.

He didn't want to act at first. He was bashful, and he had no self-confidence. He would have refused, I believe, if Howland hadn't promised him twenty dollars a day.

Funny, isn't it, what a change occupation will sometimes do to a man? Gus lost his bashfulness overnight. The little lens that stared at him, and clicked while it stared, seemed to have bewitched him. He felt that he was born to be a movie actor. And not merely an actor, but a star—a big star. And he had been so long in finding it out!

The poor fellow sold his tools and bought himself a make-up box. He went even further than that. He changed his name to Oliver Royce. He sold his Ford and bought a shiny new little car of a different make. He began taking his wife to the cabarets where the movie folks are wont to gather.

That costs money. There are few places where you can take your wife for dinner without kising a five-dollar note farewell forever. Even in places where you



¶*Dan Tremaine was one of the greatest heavies on the screen. He was the perfect type of movie villain, even without his make-up.*



¶Two lines of soldiers, six in front, six back. Olson staring grimly and malevolently. Great work. Thrilling.

don't dance.

Mrs. Ehrlich was a beautiful woman, and if she were over forty, which she must have been, she really didn't look it. She had the naivete of a maiden. She was rather tall, and if she had been better dressed you might have called her stately. She had wonderful brown eyes. a straight nose, and a most voluptuous mouth. But her hands were reddened and roughened and wrinkled from years of work. That was the only clew to her age.

Neither of the Ehrlichs had ever tried to dance; but now that Gus was to be a movie star, it became imperative that they hire a dancing instructor. They also had to have new clothes.

They began to entertain, at first a few friends, then gradually, ten or twenty. They studiously cultivated directors, cringed, bowed, flattered, cajoled. They looked up a bootlegger.

It was a pity. Gus used to lie around the lot all day, when he wasn't working, smoking cigarettes, and telling everybody how great he was. That's a favorite game in Hollywood. He forgot he had ever been an honest, steady, hard-working carpenter. No, he was Oliver Royce now, a character man on his way to better things.

He forgot that thousands of young men were pouring into Hollywood every day, young men better educated, better equipped, better prepared than he for movie honors. He didn't know he could not possibly compete with them.

He didn't know that Howland had no more use for him after the picture in which Gus had played the blacksmith.

He didn't seem to realize that while he might be the perfect blacksmith type he might not be the type for other roles.

And so his days were spent mostly in waiting for new parts, and his nights in entertaining or in roystering.

A few months ago he had been making good money. Now he was spending it, and all he got for it was a fifteen-dollar day once or twice a week—some weeks. But he knew that it was just a start. In a year or two he would be making four hundred or five hundred dollars a week, he believed. And in two years—there are so many like him in Hollywood!

Dan Tremaine came to be a regular visitor at the Ehrlich bungalow—for Ehrlich always had gin, and Mrs. Ehrlich was always glad to see him.

The Ehrlichs went along like this for probably a year. And the poor kids were the sufferers. They became thin, and pimply. Their mother no longer tried to dress them prettily. They were put to bed early when she gave parties, but I doubt if they slept well—there was always so much noise.

They seldom played around the house now, but you could often hear them crying, all alone in the house; cold, with no one to cover them up; lonesome, and no one to sing them to sleep or tell them stories.

And then Ehrlich's little car was smashed by Dan's big limousine, and Ehrlich went to the hospital. It was Ehrlich's fault, Dan said. Dan was going north in Santa Ybarra Boulevard, and Gus came rushing out of a side-street, and, instead of trying to get out of the way, turned left and ran head-on into Dan.

Of course it was just at the time Ehrlich had run out of his savings. The mortgage was due. There was no income. There was nothing to sell. The wife and children were hungry.

You see how easy it was. Dan paid off the mortgage, stocked the house with groceries, promised Mrs. Ehrlich a chance to become an actress—and began to flaunt her in our faces.

He took her to dinner at the Coconut Grove every Tuesday night, and danced every dance with her. He drove her to the races at Tia Juana, to the auto show, to the Speedway races, to the prize fights on Friday nights in the Hollywood Legion Stadium.

He got her jobs in Superlative pictures, for, as I have said, she was a beautiful woman, and she screened well.

We wouldn't have cared if he had taken her in a fair fight, or if her husband had not been his friend. But, under the circumstances, we had little use for the man. There was even talk of not renewing his contract when it expired.

They went to see Dan as often as they could, but they never went together. Gus told me as much one day when I took his children to see him.



He was swathed in bandages—what we could see of him above the covers—and he made weird sounds in his throat when he knew his little girls were kissing his hands.

"My poor babies," he said. "You've had a hard time of it since your fool father thought he was a movie actor. But, if I ever get out of here, I'm done with the pictures for life. I'm done with Hollywood. We'll get as far away from the movies as we can. I'll get a job carpentering, and we'll be happy again.

"I couldn't go back to the movies, even if I wanted to. My face——"

The littlest girl started crying, and Gus reached out and found her yellow head and stroked it.

"Don't cry, honey," he begged. "Your daddy will be well in a little while--and he'll be a new daddy."

"An' we won't have Daddy Dan any more?" the young one asked hopefully.

The bandaged form twitched violently. I was glad I could not see his face. I tried to mend the damage the innocent little girl had done—but my voice faltered.

"Dan's been very good," I said, or something like that. "Never saw anyone kinder to the children than he—since you've been here. He brings them everything. I think, Gus—I think he feels more than a little guilty over your accident."

There was no reply.

I tried, most delicately, to tell Mrs. Ehrlich that night about the incident. But she merely laughed, and talked of other things. I never felt so near to slapping a woman's face.

I didn't go back to the hospital. And it was perhaps a month or two until I heard Gus had been discharged. It was the night of the big party in Dick Marley's house.

We had almost finished *Sunset,* on which we had been working four months. And, as there was only one more scene to shoot, and that would require but a few hours, we decided to celebrate. We picked on Dick because he was the lead in the picture, because we liked him and his wife, and because his cellar—or his garage, or whatever you'd like to call it—was well equipped.

The entire company was there, and many of the extras, most of us bringing our own with us—though Dick insisted every now and then on bringing "another can of gas from the garage" into the house.

It really came in gasoline cans—and it was labeled "the gas with the kick."

Dan was there, of course, with Mrs. Ehrlich, and while nobody paid any attention to them, they didn't seem to mind.

"It's a rotten shame," Di Allen said, "those two going around everywhere, while her husband is in the hospital. They ought to be fumigated, or something."

"Why, Ehrlich's out of the hospital," said somebody back of us.

We were both surprised.

"Saw him on the street the other day, and I give you my word I never would have known him if he hadn't spoke to me. He——blah, blah, blah!"

I couldn't hear the rest of it because Dick Harley was roaring for attention — just like the radio, eh? You're listening to a concert or a sermon—you might listen to a sermon, lad—and then something cuts in and the concert's lost.

¶*"Fire!"*

¶*The rifles spit flame. Dan falls forward, the savage grin on his face giving way to a look of shocked surprise.*

Dick had seen how we had snubbed Tremaine and the woman, and he felt sorry for them. I suppose the "gas" had generated a great human pity in Dick's heart. Anyway, they were his guests, and he was going to see they were treated right.

He was holding up a little glass.

"Folks," he was saying, "the picture on which we have worked so long and so hard—and in such good fellowship—will be finished tomorrow. And the honor of putting it out of its misery goes to our fellow townsman, Daniel Madero Tremaine!"

He paused for a shout, but there was none. He looked a trifle embarrassed. but he was a determined cuss.

"Dan, as you know," he went on, "has played the German spy. And he certainly looked the part."

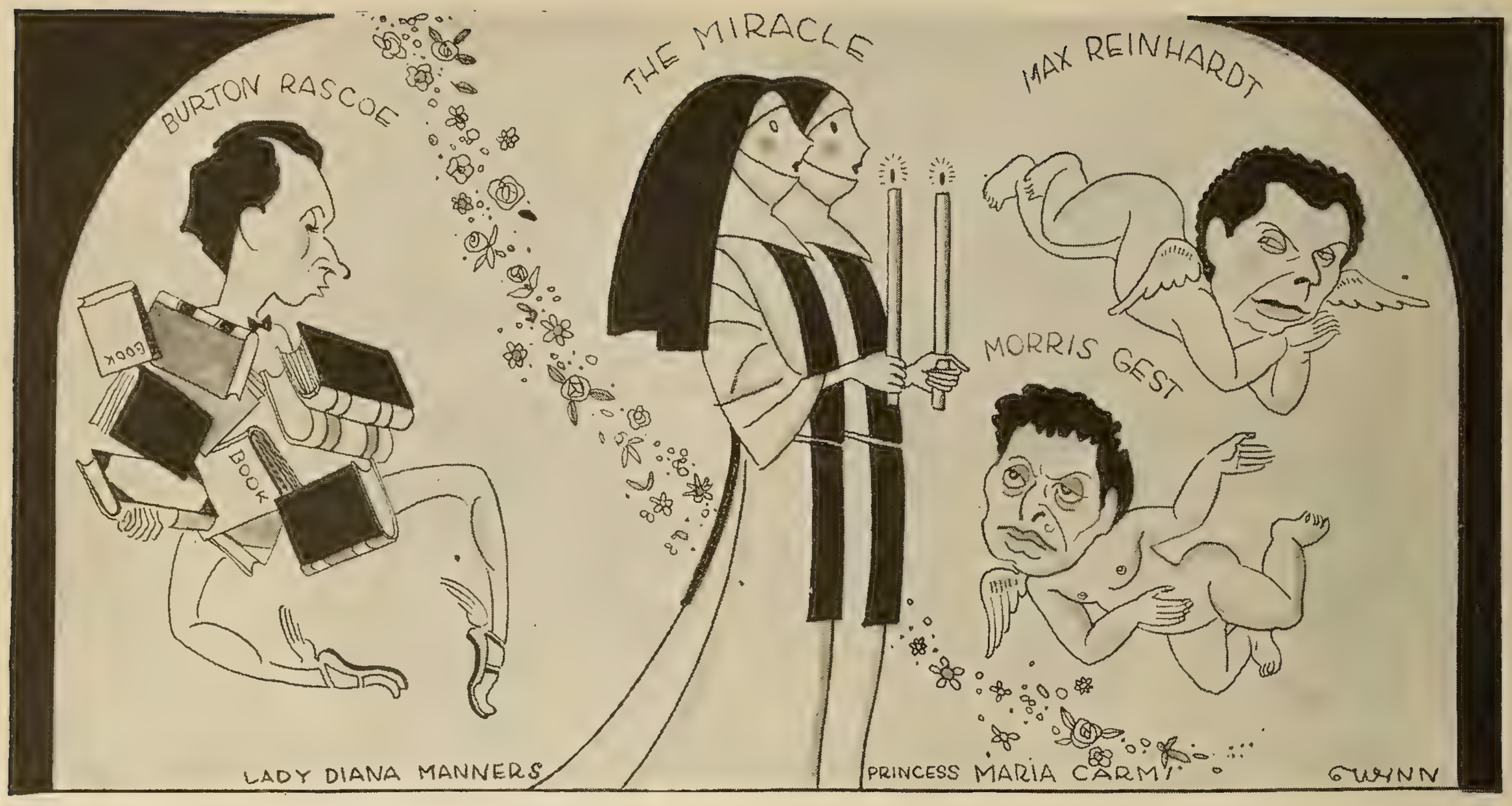
There was some laughter at that—mean little laughter. Dick brushed it aside as your wife might dust a cobweb off the wall.

"Poor Dan is going to be shot at sunrise. So let's give him three cheers now, and drink a bumper to his health."

We did, for Dick, but not for Dan.

Dan got up slowly, rather stupid, and more than a little befuddled. But once on his feet he was as sober as a sweet girl graduate, and as solemn.

"I, who am about to die, salute you," he said. He extended his glass toward the crowd, called "Prosit," and quaffed its contents at a gulp. [*Continued on page 90*]



Dramaland

ALL that is needed to convert Olga Petrova's latest play, *Hurricane,* into a successful boob-massaging movie is a sufficiently bad director. Everything else for a popular movie is there. Given a director who is firmly convinced that the greatest dramatic scene in the world is one in which a woman's scarlet past arises to smite her on the very day that pure love enters into her life, and that hardly less great is one in which the hero grabs the truculent villain by the seat of his pants and boots him downstairs, and all is over but the shooting. The play belongs on a movie lot, not a stage. It has most of the ingredients that warm the cockels of the average film heart. The only ones that are missing, so far as my staff of expert analysts have been able to figure out, are the scene in which the heroine runs through a daisy field, the scene in which the hero, coming back to his old home town twenty years later, encounters curly-headed Little Bobbie, the son of his first sweetheart, who is now a widow, and the usual press-agent story to the effect that it cost over $1,000,000 to photograph the scene showing the arrival of the Twentieth Century Limited at the depot in Sandusky, Ohio. As drama, *Hurricane* belongs to the epoch of *East Lynne,* when anything was considered a very fine and touching play that contained a dying child, or a scene in which the persecuted heroine bawled like a homesick saxophone, or a passage wherein the noble hero, learning of the stain upon the heroine's past, gulped once or twice, walked up to her and told her that no matter what her earlier life had been he could tell by the look in her eyes that she was really a good woman and one whom he would be *proud* to make his wife.

If there are some estimable souls left in the world who still revel in such emotional nonsense, don't blame me. Although for the last nineteen years I have been doing my best to dissuade them, I now have no more time to spare to the job, this being the period of the year when it is necessary for me to devote all my spare time to the recorking of my wine bottles.

¶*Says Mr. Nathan*

Olga Petrova's Hurricane *belongs to the epoch of* East Lynne, *when anything was considered a very fine and touching play that contained a scene in which the persecuted heroine bawled like a homesick saxophone.*

Strindberg's The Spook Sonata, *to describe it impressionistically, is a dramatization of Joe Cook's story about the four Hawaiians.*

George Bernard Shaw wins in Saint Joan *but it takes him altogether too long to do it. His victory is by no means a knockout, the decision is on points.*

II.

THE greatest show seen in New York since my last lecture was staged in the little Provincetown Theatre down in Macdougal Street. It was not Strindberg's *Spook Sonata,* the Provincetowners' production, that constituted this rare exhibit, but the audience that was invited to see it on its first night. I have observed many unintentionally comic audiences in my time, but this particular one not only took the cake, but the plate and napkin as well. Composed in considerable



By George Jean Nathan

Decorations by Wynn

part of the type of intellectual pusher who is always eager to be on deck when the richly rococo and the cerebrally recherche take off their socks and go in wading together, it had such a hard time figuring out how it ought to take the play of the evening that its resultant antics were such as to delight all true connoisseurs.

The Spook Sonata, to describe it impressionistically, is a dramatization of Joe Cook's story about the four Hawaiians. Written by Strindberg when he was already fast on his way to the insane asylum, it is, save for a few flashes of penetration, approximately as lacking in any sense as "Yes, We Have No Bananas." It reminds one of nothing quite so much as the bewhiskered story of the two drunks sitting on the edge of a bathtub. Inquires one souse: "Do you know Lou Jones?" Whereupon the other replies: "Yes, what's his name?" But though the play is this wild crazy-quilt and little more, the good souls out front were so boggled by the name of Strindberg that they didn't dare crack a smile. The most humorous passages were received with grim-visaged nods of approval; the passages that beat the Columbia Theatre's lowest burlesque show were met with stoic reserve. It was all very profound and very arty to this audience of miseducated boobs. Wasn't it, forsooth, by Strindberg, whom Ibsen, so the program confided, had announced a greater man than he? And hadn't it been produced, so the program went on to confide, in certain great art centres of Europe? Sure Mike!

¶ *Says Mr. Nathan*

Sutton Vane's Outward Bound *is original; it is humorously, yet sincerely, devised; it is ably written; it is expertly staged; and it is admirably acted—which should be enough for anyone's two seventy-five.*

When George Middleton adapted The Other Rose *from Bourdet's French original, he took out the sex motif. The result is a Mack Sennett bathing girl in a hoop-skirt.*

The last five minutes of Cosmo Hamilton's The New Poor *is thoroughly original. These go to make up the most amusing trick ending since George Cohan's* Seven Keys to Baldpate.

The production made by the Provincetowners was exceptionally fine. The Messrs. Macgowan, Robert Edmond Jones and Eugene O'Neill negotiated an excellent job. But the masterpiece remains that first night audience. Nothing has been seen like it since Arthur Hammerstein last year got his invitation audience at the *Nine O'clock Revue* magnificently cock-eyed so it might not know how bad his show was.

III.

George Bernard Shaw's contest with the legend of Joan of Arc resembles Jack Dempsey's with Gibbons at Shelby, Montana. He wins, but it takes him altogether too long to do it. His *Saint Joan,* further, is by no means a knock-out; the decision is on points. Some of these points are admirable, but one has a right to expect a greater demonstration of skill and strength on the part of a dramatist like Shaw. He handles the tale of the Maid of Orleans intelligently and sympathetically, but he talks so much while he is doing it that he wears out his [*Continued on page* 99]



¶The Sennett cutie gets ready for her interview for "International Studio."



¶She tells a motion picture magazine, not "Screenland," of her struggle for film fame —and her dear mother.

¶She prepares for the special writer from "House and Garden."





¶The "Police Gazette" reporter is going to get a surprise.

The Perfect Bathing Girl

Poses for Her Interview

¶*But she realizes that surroundings are everything---and she stages her chats with fine attention to details.*

By Kliz



¶She is all ready for the bran expert from "Physical Culture."



¶She tried out her voice before "The Musical Courier" man arrives — and finds it's a perfect thirty-six.

¶Modern household details occupy her mind when she gives out a chat to the refined interviewer from "The Ladies' Home Journal."





¶She gets prepared for the earnest young professor from the "Atlantic Monthly."



.Kliz.



Armistice Day *in* Filmland

¶The sheik of celluloidia, Rudolph Valentino, is back at work. As you read this he will be well into the production of Booth Tarkington's romantic story of old Bath, *Monsieur Beaucaire.*

¶The great war between Rudy and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is ended, as the photograph of Adolph Zukor, the corporation president, and Valentino, in the very act of smiling, would indicate. Under the peace terms, Rudy will make two pictures for Famous and then begin his contract with Ritz-Carlton Pictures. You are not likely to see *Monsieur Beaucaire* before the late Spring, however. It is being directed by Sidney Olcott. Incidentally, Rudy is now spelling his name Rudolph and not Rodolph, as of yore. Rudy says there's a "u" in luck but no "o."

¶There is food for thought in the report that the return of Valentino occurs at the same time that William S. Hart severs his relations with Famous. The much-touted return of the red-blooded Bill didn't seem to take. There is no sentiment in celluloidia and the serious-minded Bill can now sit back and think, while the temperamental Rudy, who kicked over the traces regardless, is back basking in the studio Cooper-Hewitts

¶*On the Joys and Sorrows of being an Interviewer*



Flappers *in the* Concrete

By Anna Prophater

Drawings by Lambert Guenther

A FAN from Two Rivers, Wisconsin, writes in to say that it must be wonderful to meet all the famous stars face to face, listen to them talk and hear about their remarkable experiences in life. And especially must it be wonderful to sit down and have a little chat with the great young actresses who, although emotional artistes, are after all just girls like yourself.

Some Fan Illusions

From which, I take it, the fan has been reading too many interviews and still believes that old man Shopenhauer is Hollywood's favorite author, that blonde stars never use anything on their hair but plain soap and water, that movie parents like nothing better than a romp on the lawn with the kiddies, that Charlie Chaplin really intended to marry all those girls, and that the stars own all those beautiful homes which figure in the photographs.

Some time an enterprising interviewer with more nerve than I have will take a stenographer with her on her trip to the studios and take down verbatim the conversation of her victim.

The last time I visited a studio I went to call on a youthful dynamo of the dramatic emotions. She had been heralded to me as another Bernhardt and the one Big Hope of the screen.

The Tale of a Dumb-bell

I found her in the middle of a simple little scene. She was seated at a restaurant table with a young and patient man and her director was coaching her in her actions.

"Now," he said, "pick up the glass of water and sip it."

"But," asked the human dynamo, "what shall I do with my other hand?"

Right then and there, I knew that there wasn't going to be any interview.

And again—

A certain sophisticated, highly modern and extremely interesting young star came to New York and rented an apartment in the Park Avenue district. No upper West Side or Riverside Drive for her. Her dinners in Hollywood had been attended by the elect and she hoped to make a few choice friends in New York.

Invading Society Via Nerve

I saw her one afternoon, surrounded by every luxury that can be purchased by the van-load at department stores. The telephone rang. First the star fluttered and then she made noises of great cordiality. The woman telephoning was urged to "yes, indeed; come right over."

The star turned to me and proudly announced that Mrs. Vandergriff Schuyler was coming to tea. Now, although Mrs. Vandergriff Schuyler married a proud name she has no more social standing than an assistant cameraman. Moreover, she is notorious as a hanger-on in the studios where she hopes to find engagement on the strength of her society background.

"Do you know her?" I asked of the star.

"No," she remarked proudly, "but she heard I was in town and asked if she might call."

Mrs. Vandergriff Schuyler came, accompanied by a friend, During the entire afternoon, she never [*Continued on page 98*]



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The Movies' Man of Mystery

BEFORE I begin I might as well tell you that I have never been present at "Paradise"; never been asked to peek into that celebrated chest filled with sables and sapphires and pearls and squirrel and other costly things which legend has placed in his study to be panted over by experimental young women. No. I have not visited his studio nor watched him inspire his actors to hitherto unattained heights —has he ever? His home dinners have never been savoured by me. I know him little, if at all. But I can conjecture about him, can't I?

A Man of Many Legends

THERE is no other man in screenland, with the possible exception of Charles Spencer Chaplin, about whom there has been circulated so many legends and lies and eulogies. He is an impressive person. He means something, whether you like it or not. The majestic Mr. Griffith has remained secluded in the shadow of his own silence. Mr. de Mille, the other outstanding director of the leaping tintypes, has never been what one would call retiring.

I have always wondered if he believed it himself. If he took himself seriously as the creator of passionate pictures, as the king of boudoir and bathroom drama. A self-appointed colossus of the cinema, or just a shrewd showman aware of his own limitations and careful not to overstep them?

Is He Subtle or Shrewd?

¶*Cecil de Mille has made more spectacular orgies and revels and has used more silk and jewels and furs to the film foot than anyone who ever wore puttees.*

I WISH I could answer those questions. But to me Cecil B. de Mille is a mystery. I can't make out whether he is subtle or shrewd; whether his sense of

¶*A self-appointed colossus of the cinema or just a shrewd showman aware of his own limitations?*

By Delight Evans



¶*Cecil de Mille declares that the film spectacle as such is doomed. Has he deserted the boudoir and bath for all time?. He says so, anyway.*

humor is assumed or real. Whether, in other words, the magnificent de Mille is a sublimated medicine show fakir, or a regular guy.

I am aware that in questioning him I am treading on the toes of half the world. He is, to so many persons, God, a genius, and a great philosopher put up in one package. But on one point I am positive. As a personality, he is what is known in the *patois* as a knockout. He is charming. He is gallant—I can see now why it is that lady writers come away and break their finger nails pounding out guileless gush about the great man. He has mastered that quiet deference so shattering to the female sense of humor, assuring its victim that she, and she only, is to bear his message to the waiting world. He is not ponderous. He doesn't show off. But he thinks *The Ten Commandments* is the biggest picture he ever made or he wouldn't have made it.

He Likes Carefully Calculated Settings

His background in this case was only the town office of Jesse L. Lasky in the imposing Manhattan home of Paramount pictures. His interviews usually take place, you know, in his own study in the Hollywood studios—a carefully calculated setting, probably. Here, he was ensconced in a commonplace chair at an ordinary desk. He wore no puttees and his shirt bore the conventional collar. If there was ever any place where Cecil B. de Mille could be himself, surely it must have been here.

He was leaving that same day for California. While I waited to see him, a secretary telephoned David Belasco's secretary that Mr. de Mille was too busy to see Mr. Belasco before he left for the coast, owing to an unfavorable and unescapable directors' meeting. Apparently I was the directors' meeting. Feeling awfully inferior I was ushered in.

Gallant—and a Gentleman

I began right away by saying that I had not seen *The Ten Commandments*. I hadn't. I watched Mr. de Mille's face closely for an expression of pained surprise, but none was apparent. He took it like a gentleman. His manner assured me that, although I had not rushed to view his masterpiece, all was not over between us. In fact, he seemed rather more interested in someone who had not seen *The Ten Commandments* than in someone who had. So he told me that I should watch out for when I did see it.

The modern story means everything, just everything, to its maker. He was interested in filming the Biblical passages, but it was the twentieth century melodrama which mattered most. Whether it was because many of the newspaper notices praised the allegory and shuddered over the tale of the church built on sand; or because C. B. felt that the latter part was all his own while the first part owed a little something to the Bible, I don't know. But he was quite determined about it. He says [*Continued on page* 92]

Our Own NEWS REEL



Above

Hollywood, Cal. — Dorothy Vernon *makes up* The Thief of Bagdad. *In other words, Doug and Mary between scenes.*



Left

Los Angeles, Cal. —*Harold Lloyd on location, making* The Girl Expert



Right

Los Angeles, Cal.— *Viola Dana has lunch with her director, George Baker, between scenes.*

¶ *The Cinema News of the Moment in Picture Form*



Above

Denver, Col. — *A rare old photograph of Doug Fairbanks and his brother taken, lo, these many years ago. Guess the date!*



Above

Los Angeles, Cal.— *Fred Niblo, Barbara La Marr and Eleanor Boardman pause for a snapshot in an odd moment.*



Right

Los Angeles, Cal. — *Jack Pickford and his wife, Marilyn Miller, in an acrobatic pose. Yes, Marilyn is going to try the pictures soon.*







Upper Left

Los Angeles, Cal.—*Pola Negri greets her new director, Dimitri Buchowetzki, the European picture maker, who is producing her newest,* Men. *Buchowetzki is best known to America for his* Peter the Great.

Upper Right

Hollywood, Los Angeles, Cal.—*Mae Busch in the garden of her home. If you look carefully you will note a sapphire on the third finger of Mae's left hand!*

Left

Los Angeles, Cal.—*Seven-year-old Barbara Denny, daughter of Reginald. Little Barbara was taught to swim at the age of four and is a regular water baby.*









Above

New York City.—*The Baroness Fern Andra, German film star, returned to America to visit her parents in Indiana for the first time since the war. Miss Andra, an American girl, went to Berlin to study music, was caught by the world war and turned to picture work. Success came quickly.* —International

Upper Right

Los Angeles, Cal.—*Jacqueline Logan poses for a picture with her mother. Of course, she's devoted to mama, she being a regular filmer.*

Right Center

Los Angeles, Cal.—*Mack Sennett poses with his mother, too. Mrs. Sennett has been spending four months with her son.*

Right

Los Angeles, Cal.—*James J. Davis, secretary of labor, calls on Will Rogers. Will says he can't understand why a secretary of labor should be interested in him.*

—Wide World

Coming Film EVENTS



¶ At the left: The forthcoming John Barrymore production of *Beau Brummel,* with the famous star of the house of Barrymore as the immortal Beau and Mary Astor as a bell of old England.

¶ Below: An attractive scene in Jack Pickford's *The Hill Billy,* with Lucille Rickson as Emmy Lou Spence.

¶ Below: Dorothy Mackaill and John Harris in Kate Jordan's *The Next Corner,* a coming Paramount release. SCREENLAND looks upon Miss Mackaill as the most promising girl on the screen.





¶*Camera Glimpses of the New Silver Screen Releases*



¶ Gloria Swanson and Rod La Rocque in an emotional scene of Gloria's next stellar release, based upon Sutro's *The Laughing Lady.* As SCREENLAND went to press a new title was under consideration.



¶ One of the first published "stills" of Mary Pickford's new romantic production, Charles Major's *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall,* directed by Marshall Neilan. Left to right, Courtney Foote as the Earl of Leicester, Claire Eames as Queen Elizabeth and Miss Pickford as Dorothy herself.



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¶ *Justine Johnston returns from England, where she has been for some months. Miss Johnston was briefly a cinema star over here.*

The Listening POST

By

Eunice Marshall and Helen Lee

AFTER the variously announced plans regarding Samuel Goldwyn's production of Joseph Hergesheimer's *Cytherea*, it is actually being made in California. Much of the action of the novel took place in Cuba and the original idea was to shoot these scenes in Havana. Then came the report that Director George Fitzmaurice and his wife, Ouida Bergere, the scenarist, has decided to switch these scenes to Paris. This seemed to be the final plan and the shooting of the interiors was actually started at the Biograph studio in New York.

Just then Goldwyn returned from a trip to Los Angeles and vetoed the entire scheme of things. The Paris idea was discarded and the whole organization moved to California, despite the fact that this meant a considerable loss on sets already built at the Biograph studio.

Incidentally, there are interesting stories afloat of domestic



¶ *Director Allan Dwan, Gloria Swanson and Ricardo Cortez pose briefly for a picture between scenes of* A Society Scandal.



INTERNATIONAL

¶ *The Wampas selected its "baby stars" for 1924. Here they are, every one of them, preparatory to starting to the 'Frisco Frolic of the Wampas, held on January 19th. Left to right: Clara Bow, Blanche Mahaffey, Elinor Fair, Gloria Grey, Carmelita Gerahty, Margaret Morris, Julanne Johnston, Dorothy Mackaill, Hazel Keener, Marion Nixon, Lucille Rickson, Alberta Vaughn and Ruth Hiatt.*

discord in the Fitzmaurice maison. The director and his wife are said to be living apart. Incidentally, a denial has been issued that it was Miss Bergere's script that was thrown into the waste-paper basket when Goldwyn changed things about. The denial states that it was the work of "a young university graduate." Anyway the working script *was* discarded and the job given to Frances Marion overnight. *Cytherea* as you will see it on the screen will be the work of Miss Marion.

Premiere of America

By the time you read this, David Wark Griffith's *America* will have had its premiere in New York. As this issue goes to press, "D. W." is still at work on the production and a number of the big scenes are still in work. Griffith, you know, has a habit of working up to the very last moment and then of revising the cutting for weeks after the premiere. Lionel Barrymore is said to be contributing some notable work to this spectacle of the Revolution as the infamous Butler, the Jekyl and Hyde of the time. Butler was a popular dandy in the Tory drawing room and a fiend in the field, goading his Indians on to fresh massacres. *America*, it is said, will reveal a new Carol Dempster, too.

¶ Hollywood Etiquette

Out in Hollywood where transient matrimony is more or less customary, it is no longer correct to ask, "And how's the wife?"

Oh, no! To be on the safe side it is far better to put it thus:

"How's the little lady?"

Abraham Lincoln *Scores*

The most interesting premiere to precede America was that of *Abraham Lincoln*, the unheralded production made in California by the hitherto unknown Rockett Brothers. *Abraham Lincoln* literally came into New York on gum-shoes and made a smashing success. In many ways *Abraham Lincoln* is another *Covered Wagon*. Anyway, regardless of its ultimate box office fate, it establishes the Rocketts, who are decidedly likeable young men, as new forces in the field of production. Then, too, it brings fresh laurels to Frances Marion, who labored for months on the script, and to Harry Carr, the distinguished California newspaper man, who also gave first aid to the project. *Abraham Lincoln* is a production of which they may well be proud.

Frances Marion Writes Novel

Frances Marion came to Manhattan to attend the premiere of *Abraham Lincoln*, for which Miss Marion wrote the scenario and which she had a considerable part in making. With her was her husband, Fred Thomson, champion athlete, whose activities are now confined to wild western serials. Thomson was a Princeton man with several stray letters of the alphabet after his name but they haven't done him much good as a stunt hero.

Frances has finished her novel, a tale of the glittering girls of the silver screen who sprang from obscurity into splendor,



INTERNATIONAL

¶ *Dick Barthelmess chats with Marion Davies at the recent Cosmopolitan ball in New York.*

and their reactions to sudden fame and fortune. There is no one better equipped to write a real story along these lines, for the scenario writer has grown up with the movies herself and has watched the progress of famous stars step by step up the ladder. Moreover, she has always been in sympathy with them; their sometimes sordid stories are tinged with tragedy to her. Her book is to be published soon. Meanwhile she will write the scenario for the next Potash and Perlmutter story for Samuel Goldwyn, *Potash and Perlmutter in Pictures*, and also dash off tales for the Talmadge sisters.

Our Desert-Made Films

EDWIN CAREWE is finishing his production of Louise Garade's *A Son of the Sahara* in Paris. Carewe and his company were worked for weeks on the exteriors near Biskra, on the edge of the Sahara. The actual locale was Touggourt, one hundred and fifty miles into the desert from Biskra. Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor have the leading roles.

As this issue of SCREENLAND goes to press Rex Ingram is still on the desert sands doing Edgar Selwyn's *The Arab*, with Ramon Novarro in the name part. Alice Terry, of course, has the leading feminine role. Incidentally, Ingram writes from the Sahara to deny that he has definitely given up making pictures. An interview from Paris said that he was deserting celluloidia to resume his work as a sculptor. Ingram says he will go on making screenplays but that a lot of his work will be done abroad. Ingram frankly admits that he has the wanderlust.

Starring Betty Compson

BETTY COMPSON has become a W. W. Hodkinson star, at least for the time being. She is in Florida, making a screenplay with Alan Crosland as director. Crosland has been signed by Famous Players and Edward H. Griffith has been secured by the Hodkinsons to make Miss Compson's second vehicle. Miss Compson's first Hodkinson screen drama will carry the title of *Miami*. Crosland's first Famous Players production, by the way, will be Olive Arden's South Sea story, *Sinners in Heaven*.

The Wampas 'Frisco Frolic

THE Wampas Frolic, held in San Francisco because of the bizarre police restrictions of Los Angeles, appears to have been a big success, judging from wires received from our special Wampas spy No. 21. Our spy No. 47 adds, too, that the Wampas appear to have made a lot of money on the affair. Still, we have no hard feelings in the matter.

Pola Negri seems to have been the center of interest at the ball, having made the trip accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eyton (Kathlyn Williams). Mayor James Rolph, Jr., made the welcoming speech and Fred Niblo responded. Everybody in California screenland seems to have been present, the 1924 Wampas baby stars were brought forward and cheered, and Ben Turpin did a burlesque prize fight with Benny Leonard. A pleasant time was had by all.

Marie Walcamp Comes Back

JESSE GOLDBURG, who has been making pictures, starring Franklyn Farnum, has signed Marie Walcamp, long a serial star with Universal, to play the feminine leads in the Farnum Westerns. Later Miss Walcamp will be starred, according to Mr. Goldburg.

Henley to Make Specials

HOBART HENLEY, who has been doing particularly good directorial work with Universal during the past year, has been



¶ *Maude George doesn't wear any stockings in Maurice Tourneur's new picture,* Torment, *but she does wear bejeweled slippers costing $200 or one hundred per jeweled heel.*

signed by Louis B. Mayer to head a production unit, productions being released by Metro. Mayer has Fred Niblo and Reginald Barker under contract under similar arrangements.

Doug's Famous Haircut

BOTH Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks have completed work on their specials, *Dorothy Vernon of Hadden Hall* and *Bagdad*. As SCREENLAND goes to press, both productions are in progress of cutting. The New York premieres of both these films will occur in March, shortly after this issue appears.

The Fairbankses are planning a trip abroad, with three or four months of absolute rest. Meanwhile, Doug submitted to his first haircut of a year, the barber actually completing the job at one sitting. Gone are the sideburns that were helping to make Hollywood famous. Hollywood is back to normalcy.

Cecil's Green Sport Shirts

BACK in California at work on *Triumph*, which he declares will be "the simple story of a tin can," Cecil B. DeMille is giving Hollywood something new to think about. He is wearing green sport shirts with a green diamond as an added feature. It is whispered that the aforementioned green diamond is one of the only five in existence. It is set in green gold.

Hollywood is fairly palpitating!

Nita Again a Hollywooder

NITA NALDI is back in Hollywood, playing a lead in Herbert Brenon's production of *The Breaking Point*. You know what Nita thinks of California. You've doubtless read expurgated ver-



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¶ *Jean Tolley returns from the Bahamas, where she played the leading role in the new Ince-Williamson sub-sea picture.*

sions of her opinion. This time she took along her sister, Mary, with the intention of having her try the screen.



INTERNATIONAL

¶ *A brand new informal picture of Barbara La Marr and her hubby Jack Dougherty.*

Hearst Signs Max Reinhardt

MAX REINHARDT is to make motion pictures under the Cosmopolitan banner. He has been signed by William Randolph Hearst. Reinhardt is at present abroad, having returned after successfully launching his religious pantomimic spectacle, *The Miracle*, with the aid of Morris Gest. *The Miracle* looks like one of the great successes of our stage and, with his new Hearst contract for an almost fabulous sum in his pocket, Reinhardt ought to be smiling at this moment. Reinhardt will doubtless direct Marion Davies. At present E. Mason Hopper has the job and the Davies production of *Janice Meredith* is well along. This is Paul Leicester Ford's story o the Revolution. Between Griffith's *America*, Marion's *Janice Meredith* and other impending dramas of the troubled time, the screen ought to have quite enough of the Revolution for one year.

Theodore Roberts Well Again

THEODORE ROBERTS, who was so dangerously ill in Pittsburgh, has well nigh recovered. The screen will not see him for awhile, however, since he must fulfill his various vaudeville contracts, made previous to his illness, before he returns to the silver screen. Roberts was on tour in the varieties when he was taken sick.

Bill Hart Breaks with Lasky

WILLIAM S. HART and Jesse L. Lasky have reached the



¶ *William Haines, the Goldwyn juvenile, who was named by Peggy Joyce as the best kisser in the movies.*

parting of the ways. All sorts of reasons are given, but they all seem to indicate one thing—that the much heralded return of Hart did not smash over. Hart's connection with pictures has been exclusively with two organizations, those of Thomas Ince and Famous Players-Lasky. Doubtless he will go on making pictures, and his next releasing channel will be of interest. His last Famous Players-Lasky release is *Singer Jim McKee.*

MOTION picture fans will be interested to know that the Famous Players finally will release *Montmartre,* the last European-made picture of Pola Negri. This was directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and is a story of the Parisian Latin Quarter. As made for the Continent, it had a tragic ending. However, Lubitsch also made a happy one—and America will doubtless view this climax. Anyway, we will have a chance to compare the grisettes of Pola and Gloria.

CLARA BOW was recently injured by a-fifteen foot fall from a cliff at Pasadena, while at work on Gasnier's *Poisoned Paradise.* She was badly bruised but escaped serious injuries.

Blackton Moves West

J. STUART BLACKTON is now making his Vitagraph productions at the coast Vitagraph studios. Blackton has moved his family to Hollywood and intends to remain in the west permanently. Lou Tellegen, who played in his *Let Not Man Put Asunder,* will likely be seen in his second production.

Famous to Film Rain

REPORTS have it that Famous Players-Lasky will film *Rain,* the sensational New York footlight success of two seasons based upon W. Somerset Maugham's story, *Miss Thompson. Rain* will probably go through the same hopper that made *West of the Water Tower* censor proof, we regret to report. Other early Famous Players-Lasky productions will be Ferenz Molnar's *The Swan,* another big New York stage hit which will likely go to Gloria Swanson, *Merton of the Movies,* which will be played in the films, as behind the footlights, by Glenn Hunter, and Owen Johnson's *The Salamander.* Leatrice Joy has been officially promoted stardom by Famous with her forthcoming appearance in *Take It Or Leave It,* directed by Joseph Henabery. Not a bad title for a new star's first picture!

Death of Forrest Robinson

THE death of Forrest Robinson removed one of the most beloved character actors of the screen or indeed of the stage. His work in many screenplays will be recalled by film fans. Mr. Robinson was 65 years old.

Marilyn to Really Try Films

JACK PICKFORD and his wife, Marilyn Miller, are being exploited by Henry Ford as satisfied purchasers of the Lincoln car. Pictures of Jack standing upon the running board are being distributed everywhere, whatever that means. Incidentally, we hear that Marilyn, who has definitely terminated her contract with Flo Ziegfeld, is to try the films seriously this summer. But the stage will get her back in the fall, regardless.

Out Where Men Are Men

SETTLEMENT has been made of the Hudson's Bay Company vs. Famous-



¶ *An expensive staff in conference: Wilfred Buckland, art director; Guy Wilkie, special cameraman; Clara Beranger, scenarist, and William de Mille, the director. Considering details of* Icebound.

Players Lasky Service, Limited, libel suit, in which the Hudson's Bay Company sued to restrain the defendants from circulating a motion picture titled *The Call of The North* on account of alleged misrepresentation of the company's methods of dealing with traders in Canada.

The picture was made in America and sent to England containing scenes which the Hudson's Bay Company claimed were a libel on their business methods. Famous-Players Lasky agreed to eliminate these scenes, but in the prints circulated in England, these changes it was charged, had not been made. As a result of the action, the defendants, the Famous-Players Lasky Service, Limited, undertook not to circulate the film in its original condition and also to indemnify the plaintiff company for costs and responsibility in the case.

Colleen to do Another Flapper

Colleen Moore, First National star. will again appear as a flapper—a characterization similar to that in *Flaming Youth.* The new picture is entitled *The Perfect Flapper* and it will bring together once more Miss Moore, John Francis Dillon, who will direct, and Harry O. Hoyt, author of the script.

Production of this picture was delayed until John Francis Dillon completed the direction of *Lilies of the Field*, the Corinne Griffith production for First National, and until Milton Sills finished the title role in Frank Lloyd's *Sea Hawk.*

The Perfect Flapper appeared originally in Ainslee's Magazine as *The Mouth of the Dragon*, by Jesse Henderson.

Loew Signs Frank Borzage

Marcus Loew, during a recent visit to the Metro studios in Hollywood, signed Frank Borzage to a long term contract under which he will direct a special series of Frank Borzage Productions for Metro for the 1924–1925 season.

According to the plans outlined by Mr. Loew the first of the Borzage productions will get under way shortly at the Metro Hollywood studios.

Chaplin Starting Work

As Screenland goes to press, signs of actual production activities are appearing at the Charles Chaplin studios, Los Angeles, where sets are being built for the comedian's first comedy film to be released through United Artists Corporation.

Since Chaplin's return from New York to the Coast, where he supervised the presentation of his dramatic photoplay, *A Woman of Paris*, his first production for United States, he has been much secluded in his home in Beverly Hills, concocting ideas and fundamentals to inject into the necessary continuity for his next comedy.

While no title for the picture has as yet been definitely decided upon, the story will revolve around the days of the 'Forty-niners and serve as a comedy presentation of the "Gold Rush" and the early Klondike days. This, by the way, was first told in Screenland.

The Fairbanks' Menagerie

Doug's need for animals while producing *Bagdad* resulted in the Pickford-Fairbanks studio in Hollywood taking on the appearance of the winter quarters of a circus before the spectacle was finished.

Occupying a cage in the center of the "lot" was "Baby," a brown cinnamon cub-bear. Six goats which Doug purchased at the beginning of the production multiplied to eleven. There are also nine donkeys and a camel. "Florida," a two-foot alligator which also was purchased at the beginning of the production, measures four feet at the finish and was not as much of a "pet" as he was two feet ago.

Then there were the studio pets. Included among these are Miss Pickford's parrot, "Mike," and her wire-haired terrier, "Zorro," not to mention the favorite riding horses of the stars and the many work animals.

Much has been written about the four-footed screen stars, such as Teddy, the Great Dane, and Rin-tin-tin, the police dog. But less is known about the traffic in lesser animals that is going busily on in screenland.

Mice and rats that are "camera broke" are much in demand for



¶*A pirate but—who wouldn't walk the plank? The piratee is Clara Bow, the highly promising young flapper of the cinema.*



¶ *Dick Barthelmess and May McAvoy (yes, it's May) look over their make-ups for* The Enchanted Cottage. *Director John Robertson holds the mirror approvingly.*

dungeon, garret and water-front scenes, and one Los Angeles man makes an excellent living by trapping rodents and renting them out to directors. And when frogs and lizards are needed the studios know just where to go; one man has a "farm" on the outskirts of the city, where he raises snails, lizards, frogs and even keeps a few snakes. He has to watch out, however, to keep the snakes from lunching on the other "actors."

Joe Martin Out of Pictures

YEARS ago, Colonel Selig started his collection of animals for use in his own pictures. Now the jungle birds and beasts bring him in a nice sum annually by working in the movies. Mary, the Selig Chimpanzee, might well be named after Mary Pickford, so formidable is her salary. She is insured for $100,000. Joe Martin, who played in so many pictures, was valued at $65,000 by his owner, but his stock has recently gone down. Joe has "turned mean"; his newly developed ferocity has led to his being sold to a circus, where he will spend the rest of his days behind specially reinforced bars.

If you have an elephant or two at your command, you can quit work right now. Elephants work in pictures for $300 a day! Lions get a nice salary of $100 a day, and just ordinary, garden variety of monkeys bring their owners from $25 to $50 a day.

Though not quite so popular now as in the days of sheik pictures, when no film was complete without at least one "shot" of camels marching across the horizon, camels are still much in demand. They cost real money to rent, too. The desert beasts are very susceptible to colds; the least chill in the air makes them cough, and also makes their dispositions even more unpleasant than natural. Which is bad enough at best, as any one who has worked with camels can tell you. Eleanor Boardman, for instance.

Rod La Roque in Demand

ROD LA ROQUE is the fair-haired boy of filmdom these days. Since his "arrival" in *The Ten Commandments*, with the accolade of Cecil DeMille fresh upon him, Rod is being offered "leads" on every hand. But he has signed with DeMille on a long-term contract, and appears next in *Triumph*, playing opposite Leatrice Joy. In the cast is also the newly imported Hungarian actor, Michael Varconi. Sounds like a poet.

Patsy's Narrow Escape

PATSY RUTH MILLER was recently as near death as she is likely to be, before the final Great Adventure. Patsy Ruth, in company with the son of a Los Angeles department store owner and several other young people, went for a sail in the yacht of the merchant prince's heir. They sailed back at low tide, and lo and behold, if the yacht didn't get thoroughly stuck in the mud on a tiny island about three miles from the Yacht Club Pier at San Pedro.

It was getting dark, and Patsy Ruth could see in her mind's eye the nice black headlines that would record the affair if they had to stay out all night. So she insisted that they take to the boats and row across.

They accordingly lowered a boat and piled in. They had rowed perhaps for ten minutes when Patsy Ruth discovered water in the bottom of the boat!

"I didn't say anything at first," said Patsy, recounting the adventure afterwards, "because I thought that perhaps the water had spilled in when we got in the boat. But the water in the bottom began getting deeper and deeper, and our shoes got wetter and wetter, and finally we had to bail out with our hats.



¶ *Charles Ray and his wife in their Beverly Hills garden. Charles has been in the East for some time making appearances with his.* Miles Standish.

KADD & HERBERT

But the water came in faster than we could empty it out.

"Well, there we were, a good mile from shore, and it was pitch dark by this time. We could all swim a little, but not with our clothes on! And anyway, there was a little boy with us that didn't know how even to dog-paddle. Believe me, we were scared! The boys rowed like mad, and finally the lights of the Yacht Club loomed up. We came along-side the pier and piled out in a hurry, looking and feeling like wet cats. And just as the last of us hit the pier, that old boat sank with a gurgle."

Now it's all out! Derek Glynne, the synthetic-blond actor whom Elinor Glyn picked for Paul in her *Three Weeks*, only to have him rejected in favor of Conrad Nagel by Goldwyn, is an English musical comedy player. He's been doing extra work in Hollywood for eight months, doing his own cooking and everything. A London theatrical manager identified Glynne as having appeared in *Sally* in London a year ago.

Ray Donates Court

Charley Ray has enshrined himself in the hearts of at least five of his countrymen by donating a new basketball court to Larry Semon's basketball team, champions of Southern California in 1922 and 1923. The floor has been fixed up in Ray's old studio, and is a fine one.

Frank Mayo has been having a very unpleasant session indeed with bronchial pneumonia, and Fox officials are suffering with him. Because Mayo can't possibly resume work on his starring role inside of a fortnight, and overhead is mounting merrily in his absence.

Dagmar Godowsky Mayo recently announced that she would file suit for divorce from Mayo.

No More Cigarettes for Her

The Anti-Nicotine League has a new recruit.

Blanche Sweet used to enjoy a cigarette after a long hard day as much as anybody. She used to think they were soothing and all that. But no more!

All the time they were making *Anna Christie*, for about ten weeks, she had to smoke one cigarette after another in most of her scenes. Then Tom Ince started her out on another picture, and she had to smoke again. So now when anybody offers her a cigarette, she shudders and says, "Not me!"

How ever does Theodore Roberts keep it up, she wonders.

Movie Beginner's Chances

There are more ways of killing a cat than choking it with butter, and there are likewise more ways of breaking into the movies than by obvious routes of acting or scenario writing. So girls who want to look into this Hollywood life for yourselves, and yet feel that your personal pulchritude or literary skill are not up to the Mary Pickford-June Mathis standard, take heart of grace. There are at least eighteen jobs that a clever girl can hold down in a motion picture studio. And she doesn't have to be a professional, college-trained woman, either.

Take stenography, now. Several hundred stenographers are employed in every big studio, and the chance for advancement from such positions is favorable. Madeline Ruthven held down a stenographic-secretarial job in the Lasky studio. One day she wrote

[*Continued on page 90*]



¶ *Not a stocking advertisement, but it might well be one! The lady who wears 'em is Shirley Mason, than whom there is no prettier wearer.*

Will Production Desert the West---*from page 37*

pose. One scene he caught was the death of a man shot by the enemy. But when it came to be shown on the screen the tragedy assumed a horribly comic light! The man had leaped into the air, doubled up and fallen! It would never do. So a scene more in keeping with a movie audience's idea of a hero's death, in which the hero fell gracefully into a trench with the light streaming on his handsome profile, was substituted for the stark bit of tragic realism.

It was at the old Universal, too, that many of the famous film folk were trained, and that many a director got his start. Rex Ingram made his first pictures there; so did Lois Weber; Hobart Henley received his training at Universal; so did the late Wallace Reid when Dorothy Davenport, favorite, became his wife. And when first I met Jack Holt, he was one of the cowboys at Universal, having just come down from Alaska.

The Days of the Open Stages

Those were the days of the open stages. I remember coming on Lois Weber's set one cold winter morning, and discovered all the women in evening dress, with bare necks and arms, and the thermometer down to freezing point. The actresses were quite blue with cold, among them was Maude George, and of course they had to drink ice water to keep their breath from showing in the films! When they weren't actually on the set, they could keep fairly warm by leaning over an open stove known as a salamander.

I understand that Carl Laemmle paid around $40,000 when the property was purchased by him in 1912. Now it is worth over a million.

The Sennett Studio was a tiny place in Edendale. But it held such comic artists as Charlie Chaplin, Syd Chaplin and Mabel Normand; and you used to see these stars sitting about quite like ordinary players on the set or working on the little stages or eating their lunches in a little lunch-counter place near the studio. And none of these, even now, has ever lost the democratic feeling, though they work these days amidst luxurious surroundings so far as dressing rooms and offices are concerned.

I remember how lovely I thought Mabel Normand the first day I met her. I was to interview her on the dress fashions in the films, and she conducted me into what was considered a very elegant dressing room in those days. The rough walls were papered, there was a washbowl and pitcher in the room, and a little dressing table covered with chintz. In these days when Mabel and all other stars have suites of rooms, elegantly carpeted and upholstered, with a phonograph and chaise longue, and a tiny bath. room, I suppose such a dressing room would be scorned, but it was the cat's eyebrows then.

Jumping from $25,000 to a Million

Mack Sennett purchased the studio property, which consists altogether of thirty acres, for around $25,000 twelve years ago. It is now valued at $1,000,000. It has eighteen hundred feet frontage on Glendale Boulevard. He may vacate one of these days, because the property is on an important car line and will be broken up into business and residence property. Sennett himself had a little old dark back office now occupied by his publicity director's stenographer, while he himself has an elegant little suite back on the lot.

I met Charlie Chaplin when he was working for Essanay. He was working in a big, vacant family mansion, formerly owned and occupied by the haughty Bradbury family. Charlie was making a fairly good salary, but was having offers that worried him a good deal, because he didn't know what he ought to do. I found him a charming, quiet, diffident, earnest little man.

"Why, I fairly perspire with worry every morning when I come down to the studio, wondering what I shall do next in my picture," he explained, "and now I'm wondering what I had better do about all these offers."

Building the Chaplin Studios

Now Charlie owns a tremendous piece of property on La Brae Street in Hollywood, which is the location of his picturesque English-village-street studio as well as of a big house which his brother, Syd Chaplin, occupies, and which I understand is to be sold—or at least a large portion of it—as too valuable for mere grounds for a residence and location of a lemon orchard which now occupies a large part of the space.

A thousand memories cluster about the rambling group of buildings known as the old Griffith Studio on Sunset Boulevard. The place seems to whisper of *Broken Blossoms, Intolerance, Birth of a Nation,* even though Jack White's comedy companies now romp about in quest of new gags.

I remember the first time I met Mr. Griffith, he led a crowd of us, newspaper folk and the big exhibitors of the day, into the projection room to see *The Birth of a Nation*, though they called it *The Clansman* then. Griffith was the only man, by the way, in the picture business at that time to realize the value of publicity, and he had the popular Bill Keefe as his press agent. Keefe was balm to the wounded spirits of the newspaper representatives who found the picture producers acting as if we were trying to steal something instead of giving them something!

Life Story of Marion Davis---*from page 30*

muscial comedy career never took her away from Broadway. After *Chin Chin* she went into *Miss 1917* at the Century Theatre, which was a pretentious but unprofitable musical revue combining the talents both of Charles Dillingham and Florenz Ziegfeld. Then came a musical comedy called *Betty* and after that the Follies. The young Marion, still in her 'teens, was enjoying more success than she ever dared hope for.

Marion Goes into The Follies

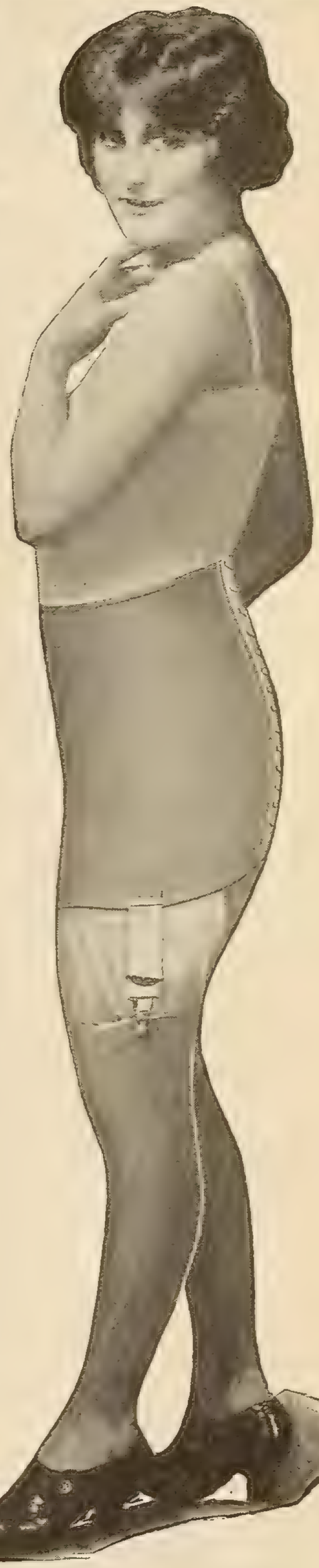
Her ambition never soared beyond musical comedy. Although the featured beauties of the Ziegfeld Follies often are more important than the principals, Marion had an idea that she would like a small dancing and singing part. She had, of course, done some solo dancing and she was growing used to the spotlight; still she wanted definitely to shake herself free of the chorus.

In the Fall of 1917, Comstock and Gest engaged her for a small part in *Oh Boy!* Oscar Shaw, Marie Carroll and Anna Wheaton were the principals in the show but *Oh Boy!* is now remembered on Broadway as the play in which Marion Davies, dressed as a doll in a pink dress and a pink bonnet, came out and did a dance. The title of the piece, *Oh Boy!* was Justine Johnstone's one speaking line. The two blonde beauties were enough to carry any musical show to success.

Couldn't Get Over Self-Consciousness

Miss Davies says that she never felt quite at her ease in musical comedy. No matter how much experience she had on Broadway her fatal fault of self-consciousness dogged her in the wings and followed her on the stage. Her dancing

Waist and Hips Reduced in Ten Seconds With New Kind of Girdle



The moment you put on this new kind of Girdle your Waist and Hips look inches thinner and you *Get* Thin while looking Thin. For this new invention produces the same results as an Expert Masseur. Makes Fat Vanish with surprising rapidity while you walk, play, work or sleep, yet does it so gently that you hardly know it is there. No More Heartstraining Exercises—No More Disagreeable Starving Diets—No More Harmful Medicines—No More Bitter Self-Denials.

AT last! A wonderful new scientific girdle that improves your appearance immediately and reduces your waist and hips almost "while you wait!" The instant you put on the new girdle the bulky fat on the waist and hips seems to vanish, the waistline lengthens, and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthfully slender! And then—with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages away the disfiguring, useless fat—and you look and feel many years younger!

Look Thin While Getting Thin



Without Girdle With Girdle

Improves your appearance instantly—works for you every second of day to reduce the excess fat.

Look More Slender At Once!

Think of it—no more protruding abdomen — no more heavy bulging hips. By means of this new invention, known as the Madame X Reducing Girdle, you can look more slender immediately! You don't have to wait until the fat is gone in order to appear slim and youthful! You actually look thin while getting thin! It ends forever the need for stiff corsets and gives you with comfort Fashion's straight boyish lines!

Actually Reduces Fat

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is different from anything else you've seen or tried—far different from ordinary special corsets or other reducing methods. It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear more slim; it actually takes off the fat, gently but surely!

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20, even 40 pounds. It is made of the most resilient rubber—especially designed for reducing purposes—and is worn over the undergarment. Gives you the same slim appearance as a regular corset without the stiff appearance and without any discomfort. Fits as snugly as a kid glove—has garters attached—and so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually! The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood, not only through these parts, but throughout the entire body! Particularly around the abdomen and hips, this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days.

Those who have worn it say you feel like a new person when you put on the Madame X Reducing Girdle. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, indulge in outdoor sports.

Many say it is fine for constipation which is often present in people inclined to be stout.

For besides driving away excess flesh the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the back and sides, thus preventing fatigue, helps hold in their proper place the internal organs which are often misplaced in stout people—and this brings renewed vitality and aids the vital organs to function normally again.

Free Booklet Tells All

You can't appreciate how marvelous the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance—just mail the coupon below and learn all about this easy and pleasant way of becoming fashionably slender. Mail the coupon now and you'll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced price, special trial offer.

THOMPSON BARLOW CO., Inc.
Dept. G-364
404 Fourth Ave. NEW YORK

The Madame X Reducing Girdle takes the place of stiff corsets and gives you with comfort Fashion's straight boyish lines. Makes you look and feel years younger.

Thompson Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. G-364
404 Fourth Ave., New York

Please send me, without obligation, free description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and also details of your special reduced price offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

training had been so thorough, however, that as the run of *Oh Boy!* progressed she began to gain a little confidence in herself.

And she needed that self-confidence. For, in the summer of 1918, came her big opportunity. She had an offer to star in the movies. It all seemed so simple and so easy. All you did was to have your picture taken. You worked at a studio, away from audiences that made you feel uncomfortable. No chance for cases of stage fright. Nothing to do but walk in front of a camera and act.

And the catch of the whole thing was that when Miss Davies walked in front of the camera she found she couldn't act. Now every film fan knows that there are lots of persons earning neat salaries as movie stars who cannot act at all. They don't even pretend to act. And they aren't in the least bit anxious to go ahead and learn to act.

Then—Movie Stardom

The starring of Marion Davies was not an unprecedented thing in the movie business. Plenty of other girls from the Follies had been suddenly brought to the front as motion picture stars merely on the strength of their beauty. Other girls within the studios had been lifted to stardom merely because they happened to be pretty and blonde and look a little like Mary Pickford.

Miss Davies says that she realizes now she should have begun in small parts and worked her way to the top. But she also says she would have been more than human if she had refused the starring contract that came her way.

Her first picture was *Romany Where Loves Runs Wild* and then came *Cecilia of the Pink Roses*. Both pictures were exactly the sort of stories that were handed out to young and beautiful blondes in the days when producers believed that Mary Miles Minter was a perfect film type. Not only was Miss Davies inexperienced, but her producing company—the Cosmopolitan—was comparatively new in the business and had not yet struck its stride.

Decides She Has a Lot to Learn

For Miss Davies, *Romany Where Love Runs Wild* was something in the nature of an experiment—a test picture. *Cecilia of the Pink Roses* was her first real picture. After looking at it many times, studying it carefully and observing her work, she decided that she had a lot to learn.

If she had any feeling that her natural bent was light comedy, she wasn't sure enough of it to go ahead and defy the movie tradition that branded her a "sweet ingenue type." Even today, when she has every reason to be sure of herself, she is not a self-assertive person. In the early days of her career, she was absolutely content to follow the instructions of her directors, even when her natural instincts contradicted her actions.

No wonder, then, that both critics and the public found her a neutral personality and merely a passive actress.

But Cosmopolitan, as a company, was progressing and all its progress was built around Miss Davies. Josef Urban was engaged to design the settings for her films. The best scenario writers and directors were hired to work on her productions.

Miss Davies was getting along splendidly from a professional point of view. Any actress in the business would have given twenty years of her life for Miss Davies' chances.

As for Miss Davies' own feelings in the matter, she felt that the publicity was a part of the game, one of the essentials for success as a star. But she welcomed the improvements in the studio staff as opportunities of learning something about the difficult business of being an actress.

Studied Acting and Dancing

As soon as she saw that acting for the movies was much harder than dancing in musical comedy she started lessons in the Sargent Dramatic School. She renewed her dancing lessons. She took up again the education that she had so gladly abandoned at the age of thirteen.

At first, it seemed that she was making no noticeable progress. Her pictures became more beautiful and more interesting, but as an actress, Miss Davies seemed fated to remain merely a pretty young person. And, what was particularly hard on her, Miss Davies was accused of not trying, of being content with "walking through her pictures."

If the critics on the outside were dissatisfied with Marion Davies, there never was a question about the loyalty of the Cosmopolitan Company for its star. Not only were the officials satisfied with her, but the innumerable workers around the studio were strong for her. A few fits of temperament on the part of Miss Davies, a few unfortunate rows, a few cross words to the wrong persons not only would have wrecked her own career but disrupted the entire Cosmopolitan Company.

Won By Keeping Her Patience

While other stars may have forced their way to the top by the sheer force of their temperament, Miss Davies went her steady way merely by keeping her patience. She worked hard and uncomplainingly. She was prompt to report for work; she was considerate of the other members of her company. She was appreciative of what was being done for her and if she wasn't entirely happy in those few years of dull pictures, no one around her ever knew about it.

Hollywood, Cultifornia---*from page 32*

gazers and seek the soothsayers are legion. There are scores who never think of making an important decision either in love or in business until they have consulted Darios the Great, a fortune-teller, whose habitat was on Pickering Pier at Ocean Park until it burned down last January. Cinema persons are intensely superstitious.

The Laurel Canyon literati have a lot of queer ideas as to cults. A census of the hillside homes there would reveal innumerable squat Buddhas amid an atmosphere heavy with incense, cigarette smoke and erudition.

Scores used to visit Peter the Hermit, a somewhat soiled and unkempt recluse who dwelt in the Hollywood Hills. But he has sought a new abode in a less peopled place. He was a sort of a cult in himself.

Hollywood's Quaint Ideas

Hollywood's idea of a cult, as is to be expected, is somewhat different than that of the thinking world. For instance the Cult of the Careless Dollar was devised to enlighten the world as to beauties of masculine larynx. Its believers made a point of that. The Camisole Clan, leading exponent, Mae Murray, is even more revealing.

The Catalina Nature-Takers include those who weekly make pilgrimages to Avalon because it is beyond the reach of the telephone and the boats are infrequent. Also one waxes romantic under the spell of the submarine gardens.

Every man in Hollywood is a member of the United Plus-Four Brethren. They would rather appear in public without their pants than knickerless. The Cult of the Uncut Locks is the playground organization of this order.

I asked a prominent motion picture critic whose Hollywoodiana is very complete to tell me which he regarded as the place's most popular cult.

"Hootch," was his unhesitant reply.

He was not far wrong for I believe I have found more "back-slid" Scotch Presbyterians in Hollywood than anything else. They have slid away from the Presbyterian part of it. Sub-cults in this classification include the Tankards, or accomplished drinkers, and the Shakers, either cocktail or shimmy. They seem to go cheek by jowl.



A radiant bride at twenty—at twenty-five—what?

EVERY woman looks forward to the time when she shall become a happy bride—the greatest adventure of her life. And when her dreams come true she is radiant with life and love, glowing with health and energy, vibrant with hope for the future.

In a few years, however, great changes take place; gone are the illusions; the rocks of stern reality take the place of castles-in-the-air. Tired lines are etched in her face; perhaps her health is impaired; she "doesn't have time" for this or that—the things she planned to do "after she was married." She is burdened with responsibilities which never should have been placed upon her frail shoulders. Physically and mentally she is growing old. Why? Because more children have come than were fair—to her—to her husband—and, most important, to the children themselves.

Marriage—the holy thing

Why do women allow marriage—the holy thing, to work this wicked transformation?

Why should a woman sacrifice her love-life—a possession she otherwise uses every resource to keep? Why does she give birth to a rapid succession of children, if she has neither the means to provide for them nor the physical strength properly to care for them?

Margaret Sanger, the acknowledged world leader of the Birth Control Movement and President of the American Birth Control League, has a message vital to every married man and woman.

In her splendidly frank and inspiring book, Mrs. Sanger sends out a clarion call to the women of the world to cast off the chains of ignorance that have long bound them to their misery and embrace the new freedom for which she faced jail and fought through every court in the land to establish.

Is the Husband or Wife to Blame?

Is the husband or wife to blame for the tragedy of too many children?

Margaret Sanger, the great birth control advocate, comes with a message vital to every married man and woman.

Partial List of Contents

Two Classes of Women.
Cries of Despair
When Should a Woman Avoid Having Children?
Birth Control—a Parent's Problem or Woman's.
Continence — Is It Practical or Desirable?
*Are Preventive Means Certain?
*Contraceptives or Abortion.
Woman and the New Morality.
Legislating Women's Morals.
Why Not Birth Control Clinics in America?
Progress We Have Made.

For Every Married Couple

In "Woman and the New Race" Mrs. Sanger shows that woman can and will rise above the forces that, in too many cases, have ruined her beauty through the ages—that still drag her down today—that wreck her mental and physical strength—that disqualify her for society, for self-improvement.

In blazing this revolutionary trail to the new freedom of women, this daring and heroic author points out that women who cannot afford to have more than one or two children, should not have them. It is a crime to herself, a crime to her children, a crime to society.

And now, when modern civilization has abolished slavery everywhere but in the home, Margaret Sanger considers it a slur upon the intelligence of American womanhood to deny to them the knowledge which has brought freedom, health, happiness, and life itself to women of other nations. That is why she has braved the storms of denunciation, why she has fought through every court in the land in her advocacy of woman's right to the knowledge that will break the chains of slavery.

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The Perfect Type---*from page 63*

My nerves were raw when I arrived on the lot the next morning. I hadn't had any sleep, and there was a wicked taste in my mouth that water could neither dilute nor erase. It wasn't that I had taken too much. I can hold as much as the next. But the stuff they peddle nowadays—well, you know what it is.

There were only a few of the company there, and half the actors who were to be in the firing squad. The others hadn't shown—and we couldn't find them any place.

We sat around the set, smoking cigarettes, and wishing for something to drink, while old George Howland ran around tearing out his hair, and looking for six soldiers.

It would be easy to take the first six extras he saw, but the men of the firing squad had to be six-footers and look like veterans. Howland wanted types.

It must have been noon when he got them all. And when he had them he wasn't any too pleased.

"Well, it's the last shot," he said. "I suppose I'll have to be satisfied."

He was all ready to go when away across the lot he spied a stranger—"a perfect type." A six-footer with saber wounds on neck and chin, and a bayonet scratch running from his forehead down one side of his nose, across the lips, and almost to the point of his jaw!

"A find!" he said, and ran to the man.

"What's your name? You've got to play a part in this picture. You don't need any experience. I've got to have you. Give you fifteen dollars. Not bad for an hour's work, eh? All you've got to do is look like a soldier. Not hard, is it?"

He brought the man over to us, introduced him as Peter Olson, took a man out of the squad, and made up Olson himself and costumed him, while we waited.

There was a short rehearsal—and it was easily seen that Olson would do.

You remember the part? Dan comes marching out with the firing squad, arms tied behind him. He takes his place, and the lieutenant and the men stand opposite. Dan sneers at them. The lieutenant offers to bind his eyes, and Dan registers deep scorn, and shakes his head.

The lieutenant steps back, asks Dan if he has anything to say. Dan shakes his head, calmly, and the lieutenant turns to his men, and snaps out an order. The rifles come up, snappily. Those six extras, new men all, brought up their rifles prettily. Not a slouch among them. The war has done much for the movies.

"Take aim!"

Dan draws himself up proudly, waiting for death, and not fearing it.

"Fire!"—and the empty rifles click while Dan falls backward and the lieutenant steps toward the body.

"Very good," said Howland pleased with himself. "Olson, you are perfect."

He shut his eyes half way—as though seeing Olson in another role and liking it immensely.

He turned abruptly and motioned to his assistant. Blank cartridges were put in the rifles. Everybody looked at himself in a mirror. The camera men squinted through the sights. Electricians tested their lights. The musicians tuned up.

"All right. Action!"

The music started. The lights hissed on. The cameras clicked. The firing squad came in through the gate. Grenadiers. Veterans. One, two, three, four! The march step.

Brisk commands. Prompt obedience. Beautiful and awful! War! A man is about to die!

Tremaine sneers at the twelve rifles pointing their little holes at his chest. Two lines of soldiers, six in front, six in back. Olson with the saber wounds and the bayonet scar, staring grimly and malevolently. Great work. Thrilling.

"Snap out those commands," cries Howland. "Don't spoil this scene."

"Take aim!"

The rifles are steadied.

"Fire!"

The rifles spit flame. Dan falls forward, the savage grin on his face giving way to a look of shocked surprise. The lieutenant steps toward the body. A woman screams, comes running toward the set. Mrs. Ehrlich.

The lieutenant stops. He looks at Howland, stupidly.

"Blood!" he says. And he points.

We never could prove who murdered Dan Tremaine. One man out of twelve, of course. But which one? The rifles had been inspected. And the cartridges. There was no question that all blanks had been put into the guns. One of the twelve soldiers had made the substitution. But no one had seen him. And the guns now lay scattered, and there was no way to tell what certain gun any one of them had used.

But then—we didn't want to prove anything. Best hush it up, if we could. Scandal never did the movies any good.

We never should have guessed the answer had not the new man, Olson, the man of the scarred face, walked over to the woman sobbing at the body of Dan Tremaine, and seized her arm and pulled her upright.

She looked at him, and laughed strangely, and they walked out of the studio, arm in arm.

The Listening Post---*from page 85*

a short story and sold it to a fiction magazine for $25. She called it *The Rendezvous*. Marshall Neilan saw it, recognized its screen possibilities and bought it, for $5,000! The purchase price was divided between the author and the scenarist who adapted it to the screen. Recognizing Mrs. Ruthven's talent, the studio promoted her to the reading department, where she scans modern literature in search of possible film stories.

Girls who are clever with a needle find interesting employment in the wardrobe departments, where yards and yards of gleaming satins, shimmering tulle and silks are converted into the gorgeous gowns of the stars. The drapery departments require specially trained seamstresses to handle the heavy velvets and stiff metal brocades. The heads of these wardrobe departments, such as Sophie Wachner of the Goldwyn studio, and Ethel Chaffin of the Lasky plant, have to be fashion prophets and skilled in the art of playing up an actress' good points and concealing her less fortunate ones. Miss Wachner shortens a tall girl's height by dressing her, for evening-dress scenes, in a gown with the skirt short in front and with a long train behind, or by adorning her frock with ruffles running around the skirt. To accentuate height, Miss Wachner suggests hats that are dark next to the face and brightly colored as to the crown.

Chances in Wardrobe Departments

A UNIQUE position in Hollywood is held by Milba Lloyd in the plaster shop of the Lasky lot. Miss Lloyd designed the sphinxes and the figure of Rameses, used in Cecil De Mille's *The Ten Commandments*. In the plaster shop, "props" such as the stone art benches and spouting fountains of "society pictures" are turned out.

Big Business and Its Movies

—*From page 23*

show, he would save it by rushing on the stage waving two American flags.

Is This Deliberate Class Lying?

This kind of deliberate class lying now constitutes practically all of what feeble intellectual life our moving pictures possess. Some years ago I had the pleasure of talking with Mr. D. W. Griffith and voiced my abhorrence of the incitement to race hatred which makes the essence of his picture, *The Birth of a Nation*. His answer was that he had not been thinking about that aspect of the matter; he had merely been concerned to tell an effective story, and had not cared what it was about.

But since that time the movies have come to full consciousness; they have now a Big Business director, at a salary of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and they have gone on a huge scale into the business of protecting organized greed by making it holy to the people of America. I understand that Mr. Griffith is now completing a mammoth picture, intended to preach what is called patriotism — that is to say, capitalist imperialism.

Mr. Griffith's Next Picture

American financiers are forcing their loans upon China, and all the states of Central and South America; and when these loans are not met, American battleships and American marines are to be used to collect the debts, and the moving pictures are to be used to keep the people in a frenzy of delight over this "patriotic" course of action. Mr. Griffith has now had the backing of Mr. Hays; he has had the free use of the American army and navy. We may be sure that this time he won't pretend to anybody that he was just interested in telling a story; this time he will be a real and devoted patriot.

And if the producers should not be strenuous enough in protecting the exploiters in their rights to what the rest of us produce by our toil, why then there comes the censor to teach them better. Ten years ago I assisted in the production of one fairly honest moving picture—that is, one which tried to follow out at least a few of



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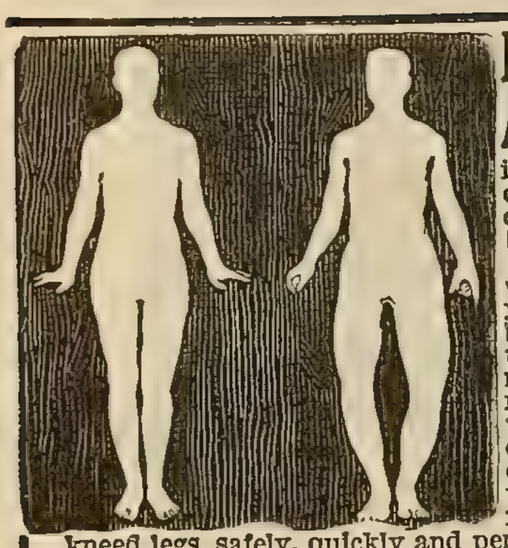


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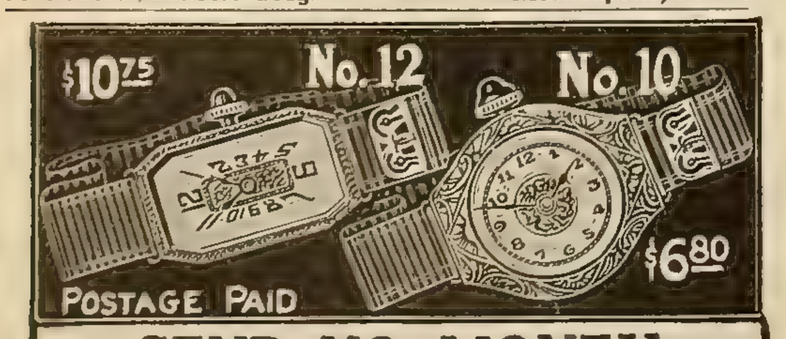
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the author's ideas. The picture was *The Jungle,* and it is interesting to note that the concern which made it was forced into bankruptcy almost before the picture was shown!

Tried to Make Films for Masses

THREE or four years ago an effort was made to organize a company to make and distribute pictures in the interest of the workers. This company tried to show *The Jungle,* to make a little money and get a start; and all over the country they ran into the censor. The picture was barred from Chicago absolutely, and the secretary of the censorship board made no bones about the reason; the picture was an attack upon Chicago's biggest and most powerful industry. Then came the National Board of Review, ordering the removal of a caption describing the United States of America as "Not just the sweet land of liberty." Also they ordered the removal of a caption in a court scene, "Pleading for Justice." This seemed to convey the idea that workingmen sometimes did not get justice in the United States without pleading for it! I should like to get this movie censor to read a book called "Justice and the Poor," which tells the facts on this subject—and tells them without the indorsement of Chief Justice Taft of the U. S. Supreme Court!

Movies Man of Mystery—*From page 71*

that he has been criticized for the way in which he entered the modern episode; but argues that the dramatic let-down was deliberate and if he had kept up the tension the audiences would crack under the strain.

De Mille Says the Spectacle Is Doomed

THE spectacle director somewhat startled me by announcing that the spectacle as such is doomed. That it never really stood for anything anyway. If there is an excuse for spectacular scenes, by all means put them in. But——

"Blowing up a train means nothing," said Cecil de Mille, "unless a human heart is blown up at the same time."

Somehow I could see that flashing on the screen as an embroidered sub-title by Jeanie MacPherson.

And——

"There is no sense in a thousand horses galloping somewhere. You will never thrill your audiences with such a scene. If the horses are galloping somewhere in particular—to save a kingdom or a heroine—then you will have them sitting on the edges of their orchestra chairs."

Again—Cuties on Rope Ladders

WE will forbear asking Mr. de Mille if he thinks that his orgy in the Biblical episodes of *The Ten Commandments* was entirely uncalled for. I knew that no matter what subject he selected he would still find a way to show cuties swinging on rope ladders over the revellers.

Again——

"We have had thousands of waving torches," said the director. "But what do they mean when waved for no reason at all? No matter how many torches there may be, they are of small consequence unless they also ignite a spark in a human being."

The man who has filmed more spectacular orgies and revels and has used more silk and jewels and furs to the film foot than any one who ever wore puttees is following *The Ten Commandments* with *Triumph.* And he is sticking to his story. In *Triumph* there will be no crowds and, as far as can be ascertained, no orgies. Or if there are orgies, they will be of the nice, quiet kind. It is, briefly, the tale of a tin can. Leatrice Joy and Richard Dix, two young people whose pictorial place has always seemed to be in the home, however humble, will have the leading roles. Apparently a plain, wholesome picture, free from frills.

Has He Shot His Last Bedroom?

DOES Mr. de Mille mean to keep his word? Has he shot his last bedroom scene? Will his heroines never again star in the shower?

If such is the case, has he lost your allegiance? Or can you be counted on to follow his plots into the front parlor as readily as into the boudoir?

We can't clear up the great de Mille mystery right now. Time alone, as the titles say, will tell. It may even be a little matter for the ages. But just to be fair about this thing, to present C. B. to you in a new and practically unprejudiced light, I'll tell you what he said about *The Ten Commandments,* which, despite his declaration that it is the cheapest picture ever made, cost nigh onto a million dollars.

"It should be called 'The Ten Gray Hairs.' Five for Mr. Zukor and five for Mr. Lasky."

ANOTHER GUN FIRED!

See April *Real Life!*

ANOTHER gun will be fired in the fearless campaign to expose a literary fraud that REAL LIFE opened in the March issue. A mother has written sincerely, in desperate need of help, about the gradual breaking down of her fourteen-year old son's fine moral sense and literary appreciation. Her article is called DEBAUCHING THE ADOLESCENT.

The following stories bring romance, adventure, love, solutions to every-day problems—in fact, *real life* as it is really lived:

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THE GOLD DIGGER, by Ben Hecht, first of a series of "Little Stories of Real Life."

THE FLAPPER IS REAL AMERICAN BEAUTY, by Penrhyn Stanlaws, famous artist.

THE SOUTH SEAS FLAPPER, by Captain Frank Hurley, noted Australian explorer, famous for his explorations in New Guinea, and as the discoverer of the "Lost Tribe of Israel."

WHAT'S A STAR'S REPUTATION WORTH? by Rhoda Montade: another brilliant news feature.

CONNING THROUGH, by Travis Hoke and "Mark Mellen." The first of a series of short stories by an unreformed "cheater of cheaters," who tells his stories to a crack newspaper man.

NEW PLAYS AND PICTURES, reviewed by Anne Austin.

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THE COBBLER'S TALE, by Paul Everman. A love story.

THE DEADLY SEX, by Harrison Dowd. Part Two.

THE WITNESS FIXER, by Mabel Lockman. A story of justifiable trickery.

Real Life Stories
145 West 57th St., New York City

What Will Happen to Ben Hur?

—*From page 25*

dungeon scene, where Walsh took the sacrament? Did you see the spiritual look in his eyes—the light of one who dreams and dreams and sees visions? That was the spirit that I wanted for Ben. Too, he has an 'old world' face.

"THEN his body. *Ben-Hur* had a beautiful body; he gloried in it. It was his magnificent physique that led the Roman judge to sentence him to the galleys, manned by the cream of all the captives of Rome, rather than send him to a leprous cell, which was the fate of his mother and sister. The theme of the story, you know," and June Mathis' own eyes glowed as she lived the story over for me, "is of the spirit of revenge conquered at last by the message of the Christ; a man of enormous strength and virility, motivated for years by the lust for revenge for a terrible wrong, softened at the last by a spiritual love. The moral conquest of a weakling would not be dramatic. It was Ben-Hur's great strength that made his spiritual awakening the great and forceful thing it was."

When the screen rights for *Ben-Hur* were purchased from A. L. Erlanger some two years ago, the word went out that the man chosen for the title role must have two qualifications: broad shoulders and a spotless reputation. Well, naturally, that narrowed down the field to Conrad Nagel at once. And as at the time of choosing, Conrad hadn't yet recovered from the strain of being Paul of *Three Weeks*, our perennial moral champion was declared ineligible. Anyway, his complexion was against him; Ben wasn't a blonde.

Born in New York

IN spite of Walsh's "old world face," he first saw the light of day in a strictly American community, in New York. The prelude to his nefarious career in Fox "mellers" consisted of an excellent education at Fordham and Georgetown Universities. His first screen appearance of any note was in the Fox films, *The Book Agent; Some Boy; This Is the Life; Help, Help, Police,* and others. Oh, many, many others.

Francis X. Bushman starts the second phase of his dramatic career as Messala, the false friend of Ben-Hur. First a star of great popularity, acclaimed as the favorite actor of his time, before whose picture countless maidens have offered incense. Then, as the relentless years press upon him,

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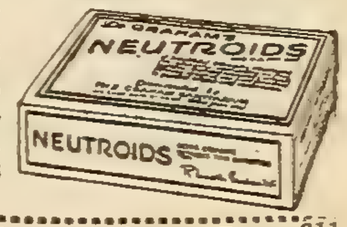
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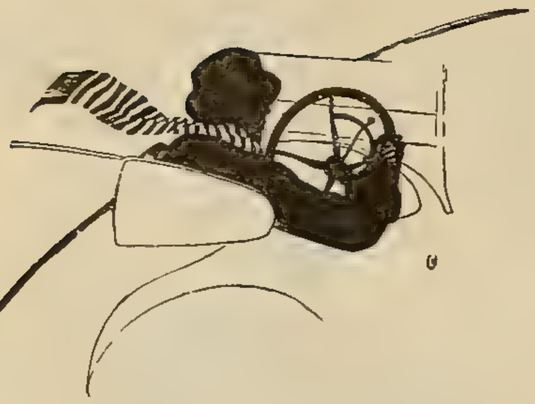
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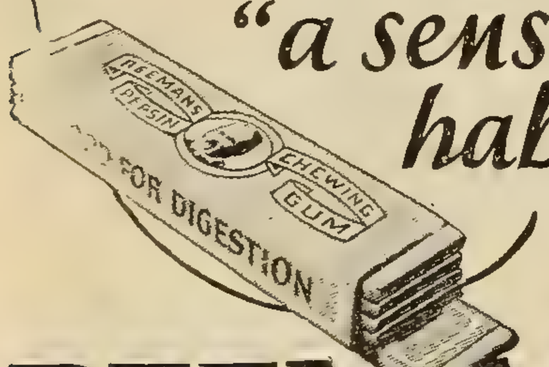
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the inevitable character roles.

He should be perfect, Miss Mathis declares, in the role of the man of the world who is skilled in the arts of both love and war. It is Messala who reads the hearts of women as an open book.

Bushman as Messala

And by the way, the filming of the picture among the grandeur that was Rome, will have all the aspects of a reunion. For June Mathis wrote several scenarios for Bushman, when he was a great star. And it was with Charles Brabin, who is to direct the film, that she got her first start at scenario writing.

"When we set upon Carmel Myers for the role of Iras, we completed the trio of the three most physical personages of the screen," June Mathis told me. "Walsh, Bushman, Myers—their appeal is almost wholly to the senses."

Carmel Myers, who used to play ingenue roles but is now vamping for a living, typifies the spirit of Egypt, according to Miss Mathis. One can find her prototype in the ancient friezes of the land of the Nile. At least so says Miss Mathis.

Carmel is that rare thing, a native Californian. She has lived almost all her life in Los Angeles, where her father was a rabbi. She made her screen debut opposite Harold Lockwood in *The Haunted Pajamas.* Leading parts in Universal pictures followed: *Sirens of the Sea; My Unmarried Wife; The Dangerous Moment,* and others. Her first important lapse from virtue (screenically speaking) occurred in *The Magic Skin.*

The thankless and unexciting role of the virtuous sweetheart who receives the somewhat battered heart of the hero, after the vamp has had all the fun, is in Gertrude Olmstead's keeping. Like Walsh, Miss Mathis says, Gertrude has that spiritual look so desirable in heroines. It was that look that got her the part.

To Ben-Hur *via Beauty Contest*

The manner in which Gertrude Olmstead entered pictures happened something like this. It seems like Gertrude, who lived in Chicago, went to the photographer to have her picture taken, as we all do occasionally in moments of weakness. She had just been graduated from high school. The photographer got some very pretty shots and, her press agent declares, sent some prints to the manager of the beauty contest that the Chicago Herald and Examiner were putting on, in connection with the Elks. And when Gertrude and her mama heard what that wretch had done, we are led to believe, they both of them practically had hysterics right there on the new rug in the photographer's ante-room. But the damage had been done. Gertrude was awarded the prize, and Carl Laemmle offered her a job with Universal, and, after a terrible mental struggle, Gertrude accepted. So that's how Gertrude got in the movies and won the chance to be Mrs. Ben-Hur, all by having her picture taken. Pick your exit now; walk, don't run, girls.

The only remaining member of the cast to be chosen in America is Kathleen Key. Kathleen has the part of Tirzah, sister to Ben-Hur. Her resemblance to Walsh won her the part, says Miss Mathis, together with a haunting, pathetic quality that is expected to reach the heart.

All the other actors will be engaged abroad. Charles Brabin is now in Italy, with a staff of technical experts. June Mathis is soon to join him. The sections described in so much detail in the book are all to be filmed in Rome.

Of one thing we are assured: *Ben-Hur* will not be merely a spectacle. We will not be asked to sit through seven reels of mobs storming the Coliseum or Nero's palace, nor will we be given an animated travelogue, the Sight-seers' Delight. The human interests, the conflict of strong wills, is to be the cake; the Roman setting is merely the frosting. So predicts Miss Mathis, but we shall see—we shall see.

It all sounds great. But oh, June Mathis!

We wish you hadn't let George do it!

Making Pictures in France

—From page 54

which is humanly possible and appealing.

In the cast are Harry Baur of the Odeon, Mary Marquet of the Comedie Francaise, Lily Dameta of the Casino de Paris, and Georges Melchoir, the light-haired movie heart champion of France. The director, who is also the author of the story, lays its scenes in old Montmartre, around the familiar Place Pigalle, Place Blanche, and up the hill in a quarter practically unknown and unheard of by the average American tourist.

Battle Ground of Drama—*From page 43*

esting. It was the wicked King of Spain intent upon seducing her who furnishes the drama of the piece.

Movie producers, learning from experience, that a heroine can be made appealing and effective chiefly by showing her at grips with Evil, and that a movie depends almost entirely for its moral success upon the extent of diabolerie overcome, have extended themselves in the inventions of villainy. The public watching an abandoned wretch endeavoring to rape a golden haired girl in an isolated log cabin knows the heroine will not be raped. The hero will arrive on a dog sled, a bolt of lightning will intervene or a regiment of U. S. Marines will suddenly materialize.

Anna Christie is not a Moral Drama. The result is that, despite its central character being a prostitute, there are no sex scenes in the picture. There are no scenes in which the libido of the spectators is stirred by wrestling matches between a villain intent upon a seduction and a trapped heroine. The drama of *Anna Christie* is contained in the character of Anna herself and her conflict as a human being with the morality of others. The drama of such a film as *The Lights of Broadway* is contained in the conflict of a Moral Symbol—the heroine—with the humanness (evil) of others.

The movies, concerning themselves almost entirely with the triumph of Morality, have revealed to the world an orgie of kissings, huggings, and attempted rapes the like of which has never been known in any art or semi-art form of any other civilization. The movie producers observe only one law. This is the law of the Virtuous Finish. The citizen, reveling in the attempts at seduction portrayed on the film, must be shown that, regardless how fate, locality and opportunity conspire to assist the Villain, something will always happen to defeat his low sexual purpose—be it only the pealing of church bells in a neighboring prayer house. The citizen desires this assurance because, in a way, it vindicates his abstinence from villainy.

Women of course have the best of it as movie spectators. They can vicariously identify themselves with the heroine and enjoy the thrill of illicit overtures during the five reels as well as the thrill of romantic victory in the sixth reel.

If you will keep track of the scenes you are shown in the movie plays you will find that two-thirds of them are, theoretically, lewd. Were the heroine involved a human being, whose emotions and attitudes were not dictated by a moralistic plot, these scenes would be downright "obscene." The unreality of the heroine minimizes the realism of the attempted "love crimes" in which she figures.

The movie industry today is, aesthetically, as degenerate as the novels of Laura Jean Libby or Elinor Glyn. The average movie plot is based upon the vicissitudes of virginity. The public discussion of female virginity, which preoccupies the moralist, is an intensely more sexual stimulus than the public discussion of prostitution or sexual promiscuity. Write your own psychological caption. If I were to draw a cartoon of the movie heroine I would draw a picture of a pretty girl with her head buried in the ground offering the rest of her person as the battlefield of drama.

New Screen Plays—*From page 58*

It concerns a little Apache by-product of Montmartre, a gamin who dresses as a boy and is known throughout underworld Paris for her thievery as "the humming bird." An American newspaper man comes to love her—but along comes the world war, with plenty of old shots from 1914–16 news reels. The American joins the foreign legion and Toinette marshals the wolves of Montmartre to the colors. Then she is arrested for her old thefts and sent to prison but she escapes during a Zep raid in time to visit the bedside of her wounded—and apparently dying—hero. He is restored to health and everything seems rosy when the chief of the Paris detectives enters. Must Toinette go back to prison? No, indeed. France has forgiven her. Didn't she march the wolves to Flanders fields? Fade-out!

Director Sidney Olcott has told the story with considerable glamor and much fidelity to detail. (This Olcott, by the way, has hit his stride this past year.) And yet there are glaring slips. As for instance, the way the chief detective, on visiting the American's apartment in the



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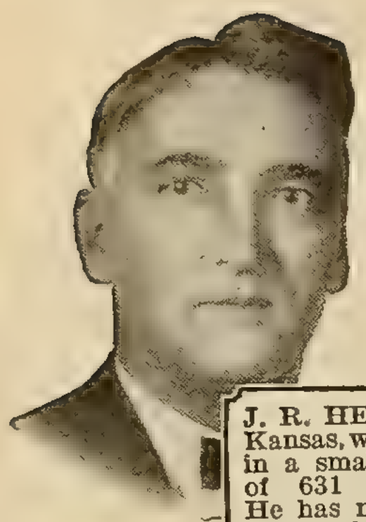
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early morning before the war, asks to be introduced to Toinette. This seems to me to be hardly in the true spirit of Paris. And I could get along with a few less clips of old news reels.

The Humming Bird will be a popular picture. Yet Miss Swanson's Toinette is not as good as her Zaza by a long shot. She frequently strives for a Kiki abandon and an Apache hardness with palpable effort. And she frequently overdoes both. Yet the very unrestraint of Miss Swanson has suddenly given her a new public interest. Our screen is wrapped in repression—but Gloria has kicked loose from it with a vengeance. Now and then she may achieve a lot of bad acting but she has hit the popular appeal. So there you are! Edward Burns isn't much of a hero and the rest of the cast is indifferent—but Gloria is all over the place, so who cares?

Where Pan is Making Last Stand

WILLIAM DE MILLE adapted Julian Street's *Rita Coventry* into *Don't Call It Love* and the result is passably entertaining, although little more. Mr. Street satirized the idiosyncrasies of the opera world and its passionate indiscretions, where the God Pan is making his last stand before the inroads of the Hayses and the Landises.

Rita, the diva, is momentarily interested in Richard Parrish. She goes away clandestinely (if the word can be applied to a notable trailed by an army of reporters and cameramen) to Atlantic City with him—and the adventure might have turned out disastrously did not her fancy suddenly turn to a young piano tuner. Mr. De Mille has endeavored to treat all this lightly and amusingly but his touch is as heavy as a concert grand at times. His opera folk do not appear very authentic to me, but I do not pretend to know, my field of acquaintance in the music field being entirely limited to a zither player. Still, I have my doubts about Nita Naldi's as a Farrar. The other combatants, Jack Holt as Parrish and Agnes Ayres as the homey little gal who really loves him, did not intrigue me. *Don't Call It Love* is one of those screen-plays to see if you haven't anything else to do with your evening.

Effective—But Full of Holes

THROUGH THE DARK is a momentarily effective melodrama if you do not question events as they appear. But when you look back over the preceding I am pretty sure you will find this screen-play, built upon a Boston Blackie story by Jack Boyle, to have as many holes as a Swiss cheese.

It is full of gats, crooks, most of whom want to go straight, and detectives and stool-pigeons who try to prevent 'em. Then there is a kindly grey haired widow

of a jail-bird who died in prison, she keeps open house for second story men and gives them all nice, motherly advice. Imagine a half dozen yeggs gathered in a semi-circle around the widow, listening to a bedtime story! Her daughter is in a finishing school, oblivious to her papa's reputation and fate. But, of course, the police prevent the girl going on with her illusions. She gets tossed out of the aforementioned finishing school but ultimately marries a famous crook, no other than Boston Blackie, who reforms, of course.

Colleen Moore is the girl and a bit better than in *Flaming Youth.* But Forrest Stanley makes Boston Blackie strongly resemble the gentry standing outside the Lambs' Club on a warm Summer afternoon.

Rupert Hughes at His Worst

RENO is Rupert Hughes at his worst—which is considerable. Hughes starts out to show how the divorce laws of our various states are wholly different, so that a person may be divorced in one and yet still married in another. His numerous characters have an assortment of matrimonial tangles, until Mr. Hughes solves his great problem by having the villain, played by Lew Cody, tossed some two hundred feet in midair by an annoyed geyser. But I exploded before the geyser did—and never did see this event, reported to me to be very exciting.

In the company you will find practically the whole *Ben Hur* cast, from George Walsh, he of the spiritual eyes, to Carmel Myers. Perhaps they were giving them practice working together—or something. Anyway, the whole *Ben-Hur* cast is in *Reno* except the horses.

Their Characters

—From page 51

company any more. There is obvious in her heavy-lidded eyes, her curved lips, her high-arched nose and her strong jaw, a deep-rooted love for the sacred things of life.

I called at her home to tell her of my conclusions. When I saw her standing there—her six feet two of magnificent womanhood attired in a flowered cretonne apron—I knew that I was the man who was to teach Maude Murgatroyd the lesson of real life and love.

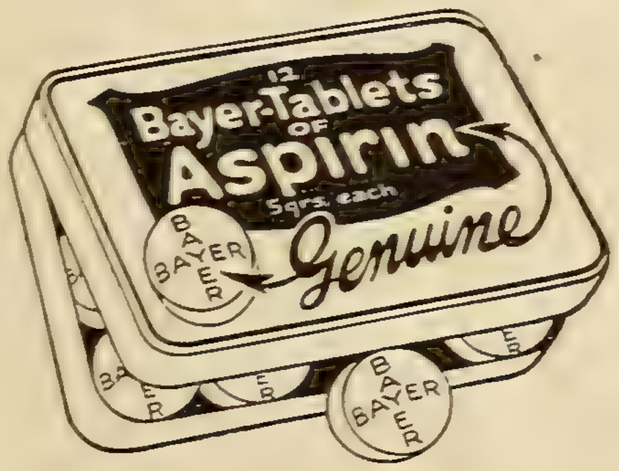
"Miss Murgatroyd," I said as gently as possible, "Not for you the leopard skins, nor the divan scenes. You are just a real, good, womanly woman, with all the instincts of such. Come with me and I will show you life as it is."

Miss Murgatroyd smiled at me—a slow cryptic smile. Then she took me by the collar and opened the door. "It's only three flights," she said before she threw me down.

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Ten Best Pictures—*From page 45*

of 101 Aguacate Street, Havana, Cuba, named: *The Darling of Riches, The Shriek of Araby, Don't Marry for Money, Frivolous Wives, Lying Lips, Adam's Rib, Stanley in Africa, Puchunguita, The Dark Secret,* and *The Cheat.* Some of these are unknown to America.

Partisan Star Admirers

SOME of the voters became very partisan, casting ten votes for pictures of their favorites. Gloria Swanson and Richard Barthelmess received a number in this fashion. Rosaly Hunter, of 19 Belleview Avenue, Ossining, N. Y., for instance, voted for *The Bright Shawl, The Fighting Blade, Way Down East. Fury, Tol'able David, Broken Blossoms, The Bond Boy, The Covered Wagon, The Prisoner of Zenda* and *Scaramouche.*

Inez Wallace, of *The Cleveland Plain-Dealer,* selected the following ten: *The Birth of a Nation, The Four Horsemen, Orphans of the Storm, Passion, Cabiria, The Miracle Man, The Covered Wagon, The Green Goddess, The Kid* and *The Gold Diggers.*

Ivy Dayrell of The View, Lower Road, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex, England, named: *The Birth of a Nation, Orphans of the Storm, Intolerance, The Four Horsemen, Robin Hood, Smilin' Through, The Covered Wagon, Nanook of the North, 50,000 Miles with The Prince of Wales* and *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde.*

In many instances, the selections of ten represented the composite choice of a whole family. This was, for instance, the case of the vote cast by the Alva Ulrichs of Somers, Mont. Here Mr. and Mrs. Ulrich and their three children made out an excellent selection.

Flappers in the Concrete—*From page 69*

spoke to the star except to order another cocktail. When seven o'clock came, she asked if she might remain to dinner. And, after borrowing the star's limousine, she simply announced that she wanted to play a part in her next picture and departed, without thanks.

Spelling Games for Stars

ANOTHER star—or rather a young actress who can't see why she isn't starred—told me that she had joined a reading club. "We get together once a week," she said, and "choose words out of the dictionary. Anyone who doesn't know the meaning of a word is fined ten points. We play for a quarter of a cent a point."

The club broke up when one of the girls' mothers complained that her daughter lost too much in gambling.

An ambitious newcomer took the money she had saved from a lucrative engagement in a big picture and decided to have her portrait painted.

The portrait was painted and the hopeful artist sent it around to her.

The actress sent it back with an indignant letter saying that she had been grossly cheated. The paint was spread on with miserly thinness and she had paid enough to get plenty of paint. Either the artist must put on a couple of extra coats or lose his money.

Doubted Jeritza's Film Possibilities

AT a luncheon, a star from the Coast told me that she had been to the opera to hear Marie Jeritza.

"I don't see why they make such a fuss of her," she complained, "why, she wouldn't film well at all. And, anyway, she is a German or something."

Nor do the feminine flappers supply all the solid concrete in the world. A certain male flapper, upon coming to New York, was asked to speak at a dinner. A few days before the dinner another movie scandal had broken in Hollywood and the front pages of the New York newspapers were shrieking with glad tidings.

Naturally the star felt called upon to defend the old home town and so he spoke as follows:

"I don't see why the New York newspapers make such a fuss over the shootings in Hollywood. Why out there, we think nothing of a murder!"

Joys of Being an Interviewer

OF course, there is always the classic remark of Mildred Harris who, upon parting from Chaplin, complained that he used to read a book all the time. And there is also the story of the girl who was so dumb that she thought the senators kept their liquor locked in the President's cabinet.

It is great to meet the stars face to face and hear them say things and do things that you wouldn't have believed possible. It is lovely to sit through an interview with an ingenue who persists in denying that the man who came in with a latch key and flung his brown derby on the hat-rack is her husband; who blithely claims she never has been married and never wants to be; and who pathetically

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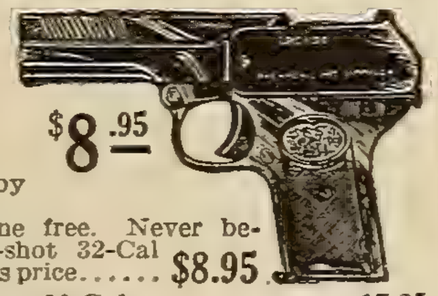
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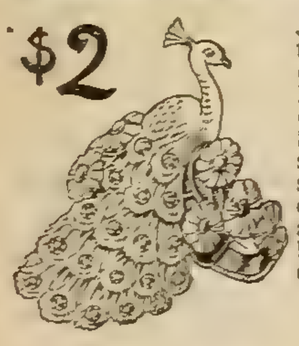
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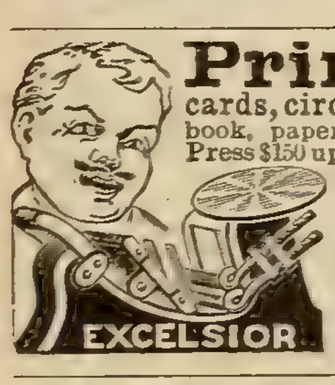


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inquires if you, too, do not believe that marriage is a detriment to a career—when it is made public.

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Think they wouldn't?

Dramaland

—From page 65

most enthusiastic admirers. Of course, it is more soundly satisfactory to listen to a man like Shaw boring one than it is to listen to the average Broadway playwright interesting one, but there are limits. And the venerable G. Bernard in late years does not seem to appreciate the fact. After he has convinced you of something, and beyond dispute, he promptly buttonholes you all over again and tries to make sure that you have not changed your mind in the moment he has paused for breath. Furthermore, we are all beginning to get a trifle tired of the jokes on England and the English that the old boy is so proud of. He has worn them out; they are today about as novel as Joe Jackson's bicycle act. His play is worth seeing, but I promise you that, if you are not given to affectation, it will pretty well tucker you out before its final curtain comes down.

I hear that the Theatre Guild has improved its production of the play since the opening night. It needed to. On that night, it moved with all the graceful alacrity of an Elks' funeral cortege.

IV.

Madre, by Rafael Orbera, is a Spanish opus that is guaranteed to put you to sleep by nine-thirty. It is one of those Castillian nonesuches full of passionate actors dressed up like an old beer-garden "Bohemian Girl" opera troupe. The stage is full of Damiens, Faustinas, Sanchos, Franciscos and Marcianas who are bursting with emotion and who take it out in black looks

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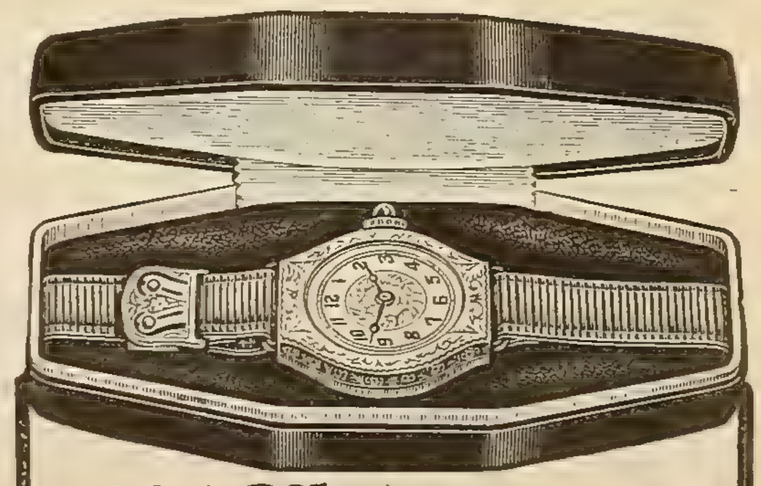
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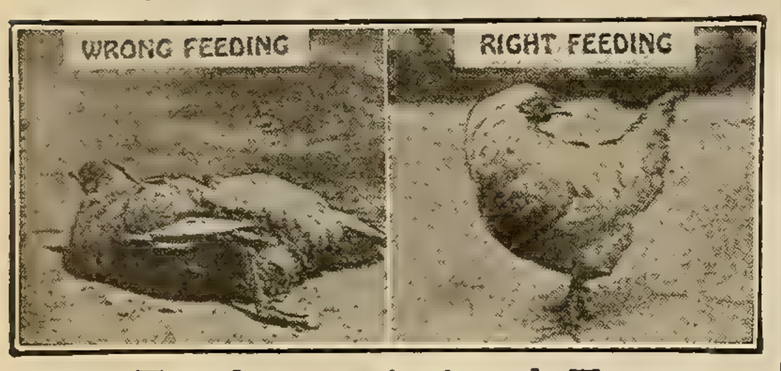
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while someone plays a guitar softly in the wings. With a few notable exceptions, the average modern Spanish play is about as exciting as a debate between two deaf mutes. There is to it something as recalcitrantly humorous as a Sardou drama played by a company of child actors. With all the good plays in the world, it seems as foolish to import these old-fashioned, empty, modern Spanish alarms as it would be to export near-beer to Germany. Nance O'Neil is the star of the occasion. She enjoys herself immensely, which is more than may be said of her auditors.

V.

THRUST your right hand in the bosom of your Prince Albert, strike a pose that would make a college president turn green with envy, proclaim as gravely as you will all the deficiencies in Sutton Vane's *Outward Bound* and the fact remains that this play is yet as interesting a thing as the New York stage has seen this season. It is original; it is humorously, yet sincerely, devised; it is ably written, it is expertly staged; and it is admirably acted — which should be enough for anyone's two seventy-five. It would, incidentally, make such a first-rate moving picture that it is doubtful that any movie company will take a chance with it, so I advise you to see it while you can.

The tale of a number of men and women who find themselves mysteriously on board a strange vessel bound for they know not where and who suddenly awake to the fact that they are all dead and moving across the Styx to a port in each case unknown, the play holds one as strangely as Chesterton's *Magic*. Although they are wholly dissimilar, these two plays have one element in common: the action in each takes place less on the stage than in the spectator's mind. Don't be frightened, dear film fans, however. There is no more disturbing intellectuality in *Outward Bound* than there is in a copy of the *Police Gazette* or a Griffith movie. It is just a good play devoid of stencils that will hold your attention as closely as a well-written detective melodrama. (You see, I am trying to trick you into seeing it. After you have been thus tricked, you will forgive me, I am certain.) It will thrill you a hundred times more than any movie scene in which the heroine jumps from a moving freight car onto a moving automobile and thence onto a moving van. It will stir your emotions as they have never been stirred by the picture of some cow-eyed ex-shopgirl being kissed back of the ear for three minutes by some passionate ex-street-car conductor dressed up as a Spanish toreador. If, after view-



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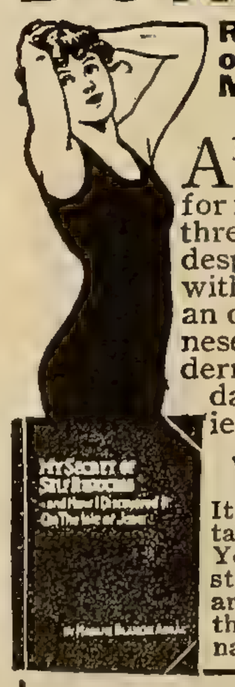
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VI.

The best of the more recently produced musical shows are George M. Cohan's *The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly* and Ziegfeld's *Kid Boots*. Cohan's show has the most amusing libretto, and Ziegfeld's has in the person of Eddie Cantor the most amusing comedian. If any other comedian worked as hard to get laughs as Cantor does, you'd feel like heaving a large, thick sausage at him, but somehow you don't particularly mind Cantor's herculean efforts. There's a laugh in every drop of his perspiration. And he gets these laughs without recourse to the usual comedian dodges. He doesn't wear a burlesque show moustache; he falls upon his pant-seat only once or twice; he doesn't trip over his own left foot; he doesn't wear a zoo derby; he doesn't call the orchestra leader Oswald. Mary Eaton is featured in the same exhibit. She is a pretty girl; she has learned something of singing; but her dancing is stereotyped. In the Cohan entertainment there are no especially noteworthy performers, but Cohan's direction of his lesser celebrities is so good that he gets almost as much out of them as another producer can get out of as many Rolls-Royce salaries. The new Mary Hay show, *Mary Jane McKane,* is largely the venerable stuff. La Hay is not nearly so engaging as she was in *Marjolaine,* and the rest of the troupe, except the Keene twins, who negotiate some agile stepping, is not distinguished. The libretto, further, is as old as the James J. Hills.

VII.

In adapting Bourdet's French original for American audiences under the title of *The Other Rose,* George Middleton has taken out the sex motif. The result is a Mack Sennett bathing girl in a hoop-skirt. Just why American playwrights continue in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary to believe that sex is offensive to an American audience, my negro statistician the Rev. Dr. Lucullus Wurzburger, has thus far been unable to deduce. Why they should believe that an audience will get right up and walk out if they show it a young man who is not a eunuch or a young woman who isn't a sexual great-grandmother, is something that the late William Pinkerton died trying to solve. Mr. Belasco has staged *The Other Rose* very ably; it is excellently played in its two central

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roles by Fay Bainter and Henry Hull; but it is food for infants.

VIII.

If all of Cosmo Hamilton's *The New Poor* were as original and humorous as its last five minutes, it would be a thoroughly original and humorous entertainment which, with the exception of the last five minutes, it is not. These last five minutes go to make up the most amusing trick ending that we have had since George Cohan's *Seven Keys To Baldpate*. But what goes before is pretty vulgar and dismal material: the hackneyed crook and love shenanigans of Broadway commerce. Hamilton has tried with a sweaty assiduity to inject a measure of up-to-date sauce into the stale dish by frequent allusions to contemporaneous institutions, persons and events, but the effect remains blah. The acting, save in the case of Lyn Harding who plays the role of Lyn Harding palming himself off as a butler (this is the trick ending mentioned), is in the main pretty doggone awful.

The Optimistic Elinor

—From page 47

stupid Lenin," and she laughed again. I was becoming quite a comedian.

"Trotsky——," I stopped.

Her eyes narrowed again and she snapped her fingers. "Ha, ha—a fly to brush from the window-pane." That was too much, and I said, in that superior manner we all assume when we think we are saying something, "I think he's a great guy myself."

Elinor was as horrified as if someone had asked why Paul had not swung a pick for *Three Weeks* and thereby have done his fair share of work in the world.

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"Yes, I cannot conceive how one can be a great writer without a profound education." I looked across the room and Conrad, Masefield, Gorki, Shakes-



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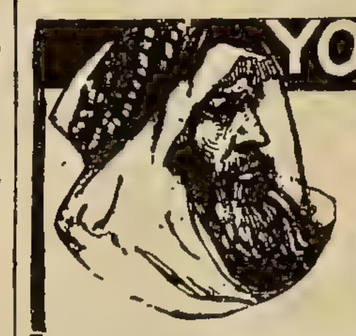
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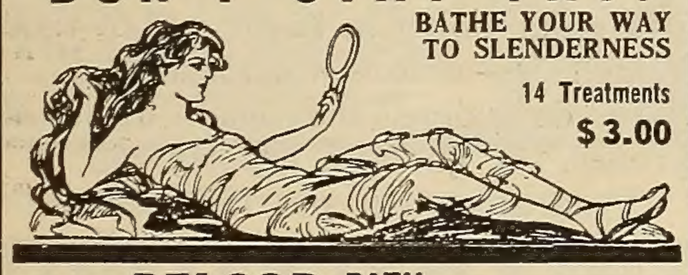
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peare and a crowd of others stood bowing at me.

"You spoke in high praise of optimism a moment ago, Mrs. Glyn. Don't you think it can be carried too far?" I asked, the while thinking of Ibsen's "the supreme optimist is a damn fool."

"No, no, I do not. Suppose a young man were very ill, and the doctor told him that death was certain in ten days. Would that doctor be wise?" I made no answer, but thought that it would not make so much difference to one who wanted to live hard enough.

Further conversation proved that Elinor Glyn believes in the great English and American forward march. That the poor boy can rise to great heights despite every handicap. "Look at Lord Reading, a poor Jew boy, and look at his position now."

"Yes," I ventured, "but even every poor Jew boy cannot become a Lord Reading."

Opportunities for the Boy of Today

PERHAPS not. But they can rise far by their own intellect."

I thought of the hundreds of young boys I had known from orphanages and reform schools who were now degenerate, broken and pitiful, carrying dwarfed souls and shriveled lives over the rocky road that leads to the last oblivion.

A slight turn in the road can wreck a life. What then must be the plight of the boys who learn more about the viciousness of life at 20 than any of our social leaders have the capacity to imagine. Has any one ever noticed the weary expression in Judge Lindsay's face? He knows.

Are these boys without appreciation of their real friends? Seventeen years ago I stood in front of the Art Museum in Chicago with three other boys. A venerable and wonderful-looking woman passed us. A boy, now serving life for murder, said: "Take off your hats, kids, here comes Jane Addams."

When Elinor Danced

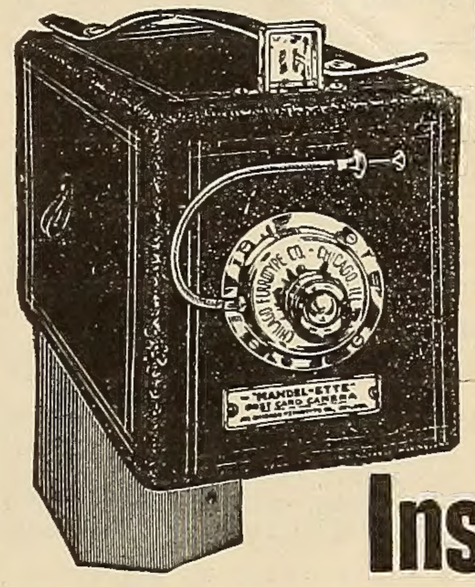
BUT Elinor Glyn sits across from me and she is talking about a dance she had with a potentate from Siam, name happily unremembered. Her diamond necklace sparkles on her white throat and recalled to my mind a saying of Kate Barnard's that I have remembered for years. Kate Barnard was, or is, a power in Oklahoma politics, if I remember correctly. She said: "I'll never wear a diamond so long as there is a hungry child."

"Three Weeks," she was saying, "has been translated into every language and it still sells fifty thousand copies a year."

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"What is the secret of that success, Mrs. Glyn?"

"Truth," was the terse reply.

"Why is it," I went on, "that most of the great delineators of female characters have been men—Balzac, Hardy, Dreiser, Zola, Sudermann—nearly all?"

Women Cannot Tell the Truth

"BECAUSE," was the decisive answer, "a woman cannot tell the truth about anything."

"Why is that, Mrs. Glyn?"

"Because a man deals with big things and tells the truth. A woman deals with little things and always lies. I write like a man."

I recalled a pamphlet she had written about her best-known book. After trying to remember a passionate case of love in England, she decided to invent one. In other words, she had not seen such a case of love, but wishing to write truth, she invented it, which is, I suppose, a paradox. She wrote:

"And finally the vision of *Three Weeks* came to me suddenly in the autumn of 1906 and I retired to the pavilion in my garden, where I used to write in those days, and began.

"It seemed as though some spirit from beyond was guiding me—I wrote breathlessly for hours and hours on end, hardly conscious at times of the words which were pouring into my brain until I came to read over the chapters and found what I had written was exactly what I had hoped and meant to say. The original MS. shows this—it flows on with hardly a correction or alteration. I felt intensely as I wrote; I lived in imagination every moment of their two lives. For me they were vital human beings. And that is the reason they have remained of magnetic interest to the readers for all these years and will go on doing so to the end of time." Which is—almost—immortal.

In defending the book from the prudes, she quotes a chapter end:

"And this night was the most divine of any they had spent upon the Burgenstock, but there was in it an essence about which only the angels could write." (The last five words in italics.)

Great Love Not Sensuality

"HOW could any low thought of mere sensuality have entered into a love like this?"

"I maintain that *Three Weeks* is a deep and elevating tragedy, and as such will live far beyond my life, when prejudice will be less and truth seen more clearly."

The question of truth settled, we spoke about the motion picture.

The name of Victor Seastrom, the Swedish director, came up. Seastrom



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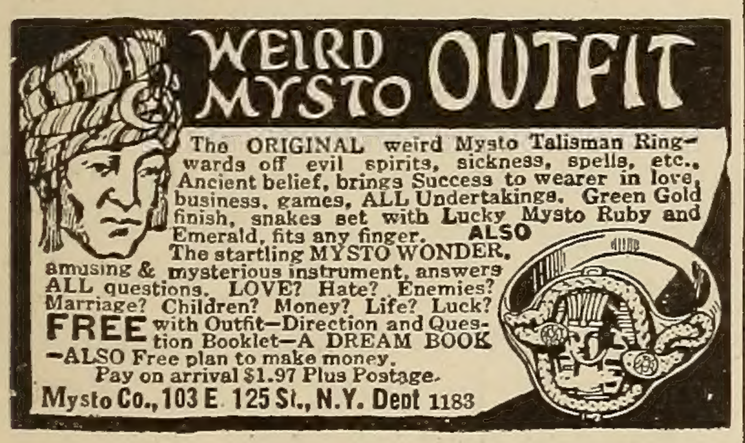
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is intellectually and artistically the greatest director in the world today, it seems to me. His picture, *The Stroke of Midnight,* is, in the opinion of the keen Charlie Chaplin, "the greatest picture ever made." I was anxious for Mrs. Glyn's opinion of Seastrom.

"We Don't Want the Drab in Pictures"

She expressed none, but said, unmindful of the great Swede's capabilities, "As I was telling Mr. Seastrom the other day, we do not want the drab in pictures. They should end in a note of optimism and hope." She did not tell me Seastrom's reply.

In an effort once more to get an opinion of American woman writers, I asked, "Do you care for Dorothy Canfield?"

"I have not heard of her," she replied, and then said quickly, "but Gertrude Atherton is a marvelous writer. Her psychology is wonderful and will endure." She then launched into a long discourse on the Anglo-Saxon and Nordic races, which I will not attempt to record, feeling that it matters not at all.

"Mrs. Atherton is of the same opinion—are you her disciple?" It was a brutal question—which she ignored. As though Mrs. Glyn could be anybody's disciple.

Doesn't Believe in Co-Education

Mrs. Glyn is not in sympathy with the American system of co-education. She believes that it brings boys and girls into too close contact in and out of the schools.

Close association fritters away the procreative instinct and destroys all reserve so that the only thing that comes to them later in life is what comes to animals in the mating season, real love being impossible. Woman, according to Elinor Glyn, must keep herself mysterious and aloof. It is only by so doing that romance can be preserved.

It will be seen that Mme. Glyn is not stepping ahead of Havelock Ellis and Ellen Key as a modern thinker.

The business manager of the studios knocked at the door. We both rose, Mrs. Glyn saying, "I have a message for the world which I shall deliver everywhere. My latest book tells it. It will be out soon." I wondered why writers always tried to push their latest books on other writers, and so wondering, I walked out into the California air, leaving the author of the greatest treatise on love in the last fifty years and of the greatest book on Russia alone with the man of business.



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By A Mother

IN March *Real Life* the first gun was fired in a fearless attack against a certain group of magazines which make a business of trading on sex, of creating vicarious sex thrills for the extremely young, the ignorant or the vicious-minded. We pointed out how these magazines perpetrate their crimes deliberately, cloaking their viciousness under the guise of "truth."

In April REAL LIFE we are firing the second gun. A mother has written us just how the "confessional" magazine is ruining her son, endangering his morals, perverting his mind and causing him to fail in school. We are publishing this document because we feel it a duty to other mothers and their sons and daughters to warn them of an insidious, probably unsuspected evil which has crept silently into their homes and as silently undermined the wholesomeness of American family life.

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For the first time in the history of literature a realistic story is being written about newspaper life—not fiction, but truth; not pretty truth, but stark, naked truth, by a man who loves the game and yet who is not fooled by the power of the press, or awed by it. A faithful, photographic study of Chicago newspaper life which you cannot afford to miss, for it will reveal many things to you which have long been shrouded in darkness.

The South Seas Flapper, *By* Captain Frank Hurley

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Penrhyn Stanlaws, noted artist and creator of the famous "Stanlaws' girl," writes authoritatively and humorously of the American flapper as "the real American beauty," in striking contrast to Captain Hurley's article.

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